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THE STAPLE  
OF  
NEWES.

A COMEDIE  
ACTED IN THE  
YEARE, 1625.  
BY HIS MAIESIES  
SERVANTS.

The Author BEN: IONSON.

HOR. in ART. POET.

*Aut prodeesse volunt, aut delectare poete:  
Aut simul & sucunda, & idonea dicere vita*



LONDON,  
Printed by J. B. for ROBERT ALLOT, and are  
to be sold at the signe of the Beare, in Pauls  
Church-yard. 1631.



## THE PERSONS OF THE PLAY.

PENI-BOY. *the Sonne, the heire and Sutier.*

PENI-BOY. *the Father. the Cancer.*

PENI-BOY. *the Uncle. The Vsurer.*

CYMBAL. *Master of the Staple, and prime Leerer.*

FITTON. *Emissary Court, and Leerer.*

ALMANACH. *Doctor in Physick, and Leerer.*

SHVN-FIELD. *Sea-capaine, and Leerer.*

MADRIGAL. *Poetaster, and Leerer.*

PICKLOCK. *Man o' law, and Emissary Westminster.*

PYED-MANTLE. *Pursuivant at armes, and Heralder.*

REGISTER. *Of the Staple, or Office.*

NATHANEEEL. *First Clerke of the Office.*

THO: BARBR. *Second Clerke of the Office.*

PECVNTIA. *Infanta of the Mynes.*

MORTGAGE. *Her Nurse.*

STATUTE. *First Woman.*

BAND. *Second Woman.*

VVAXE. *Chambermaid.*

BROKER. *Secretary, and Gentleman usher to her Grace.*

LICK-FINGER. *A Master Cooke, and parcell Poet.*

FASHTONER. *The Taylor of the times.*

LINENER. HABERDASHER.

SHOOMAKER. SPVRRIER.

CUSTOMERS. {*Male and Female.*

PORTER. DOGGES. II.



# THE INDVCTION.

The PROLOGUE enters.

After him, Gossip MIRTH. Gof. TATLE. Gof. EXPECTATION. and Gossip CENSURE.  
4. Gentlewomen LADY-like attyred.

## PROLOGUE.

Or your owne sake, not ours—

  
MIRTH. Come Gossip, be not ashamed. The Play is the Staple of Newes, and you are the Mistresse, and Lady of Tatle, let's ha' your opinion of it: Do you heare Gentlewoman? what are you? Gentleman-usher to the Play? pray you helpe vs to some stooles here.

PROLOGUE. Where? o' the Stage, Ladies?

MIRTH. Yes, o' the Stage; wee are persons of quality, I assure you, and women of fashion; and come to see, and to be seene: My Gossip Tatle here, and Gossip Expectation, and my Gossip Censure, and I am Mirth, the daughter of Christmas, and spirit of Shrouetide. They say, It's merry when Gossips meet, I hope your Play will be a merry one!

PROLOGUE. Or you will make it such, Ladies. Bring a forme here, but what will the Noblemen thinke, or the graue Wits here, to see you seated on the bench thus?

MIRTH. Why, what should they thinke? but that they had Mothers, as we had, and those Mothers had Gossips (if their children were christned) as we are, and such as had a longing to see Playes, and sit upon them, as wee doe, and arraigne both them, and their Poëts.

PROLOGUE. O! Is that your purpose? Why, M<sup>r</sup>. Mirth, and Madame Tatle, enjoy your delights freely.

TATLE. Looke your Newes be new, and fresh, M<sup>r</sup>. Prologue, and untainted, I shall find them else, if they be stale, or flye-blowne, quickly!

PROLOGUE. Wee aske no fauour from you, onely wee would entreate of Madame Expectation—

# The INDUCTION.

**EXPECTATION.** What, M<sup>r</sup>. Prologue?

**PROLOGUE.** That your Ladi-ship would expect no more then you understand.

**EXPECTATION.** Sir, I can expect enough!

**PROLOGUE.** I feare too much, Lady, and teach others to do the like?

**EXPECTATION.** I can doe that too, if I haue cause.

**PROLOGUE.** Cry you mercy, you neuer did wrong, but with iust cause. What's this, Lady?

**MIRTH.** Curiosity, my Lady Censure.

**PROLOGUE.** O Curiosity! you come to see, who weares the new suite to day? whose clothes are best penn'd, what euer the part be? which Actor has the best legge and foote? what King playes without cusses? and his Queene without gloves? who rides post in stockings? and daunces in bootes?

**CENSURE.** Yes, and which amorous Prince makes loue in drinke, or doe's ouer-act prodigiously in beaten satten, and, hauing got the tricke on't, will be monstrous still, in despight of Counsell!

**BOOK-HOLDER.** Mend your lights, Gentlemen. Master Prologue, beginne.

**TATLE.** Ay me!

**EXPECTATION.** Who's that?

**PROLOGUE.** Nay, start not Ladies, these carry no fire-workes to fright you, but a Torch i' their hands, to give light to the busynesse. The truthe is, there are a set of gamesters within, in trauell of a thing call'd a Play, and would faine be deliv'erd of it: and they haue intreated me to be their Man-Midwife, the Prologue; for they are like to haue a bard labour on't.

**TATLE.** Then the Poet has abus'd himselfe, like an Asse, as hee is.

**MIRTH.** No, his Actors will abuse him enough, or I am deceiu'd. Yonder he is within (I was i' the Tiring-house a while to see the Actors drest) rowling himselfe up and downe like a tun; i' the midst of hem, and spurges, neuer did vessell of wort, or wine worke so! His sweating put me in minde of a good Shrowning dish (and I beleue would be taken up for a seruice of state somewhere, an't were knowne) a strew'd Poet! He doth sit like an unbras'd Drum with one of his heads beaten out: For, that you must note, a Poet hath two heads, as a Drum has, one for making, the other repeating, and his repeating head is all to pieces: they may gather it vp i' the tiring-house; for hee hath torne the booke in a Poeticall fury, and put himselfe to silence in dead Sacke, which, were there no other vexation, were sufficient to make him the most miserable Embleme of patience.

**CENSURE.** The Prologue, peace.

THE



# THE PROLOGVE FOR THE STAGE:

**D**Or your owne sakes, not his, he bad me say,  
 Would you were come to heare, not see a Play.  
 Though we his *Actors* must prouide for those,  
 Who are our guests, here, in the way of shewes,  
 The maker hath not so; he'l haue you wise,  
 Much rather by your eares, then by your eyes:  
 And prayes you'll not preiudge his Play for ill,  
 Because you marke it not, and sit not still;  
 But haue a longing to salute, or talke.  
 With such a female, and from her to walke  
 With your discourse, to what is done, and where,  
 How, and by whom, in all the towne; but here.  
 Alas! what is it to his Scene, to know  
 How many Coaches in *Hide-parke* did show  
 Last spring, what fare to day at *Medleyes* was,  
 If *Dunstan*, or the *Phænix* best wine has?  
 They are things—But yet, the Stage might stand as wel,  
 If it did neither heare these things, nor tell.  
 Great noble wits, be good vnto your selues,  
 And make a difference 'twixt Poetique elues,  
 And Poets: All that dable in the inke,  
 And defile quills, are not those few, can thinke,  
 Conceiue, expresse, and steere the soules of men,  
 As with a rudder, round thus, with their pen.  
 He must be one that can instruct your youth,  
 And keepe your *Acme* in the state of truth,  
 Must enterprize this worke, marke but his wayes,  
 What flight he makes, how new; And then he sayes,  
 If that not like you, that he sends to night,  
 'Tis you haue left to iudge, not hee to write.



# THE PROLOGVE FOR THE COVRT:

A W orke not smelling of the Lampe, to night,  
 But fitted for your Maiesties disport,  
 And wriit to the Meridian of your Court,  
 VVee bring; and hope it may produce delight:  
 The rather, being offered, as a Rite  
 To Schollers, that can iudge, and faire report  
 The sense they beare, aboue the vulgar sort  
 Of Nut-crackers, that onely come for sight.  
 Wherin, althoug our Title, Sir, be Newes.  
 Wee yet aduenture, here, to tell you none;  
 But shew you common follies, and so knowne,  
 That though they are not truths, th' innocent Muse  
 Hath made so like, as Phant'sie could them state,  
 Or Poetry, without scandall, imitate.

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THE



# THE S T A P L E O F N E W V E S.

## A C T . I . S C E N E . I .

### PENI-BOY. IV. L E T H E R - L E G G E .

*Ramercie Leitherleg:* Get me the Spurrier,  
 And thou hast fittid me. **L E T .** I'll do't presently.  
**P. Iv.** Look to me, wit, and look to my wit, Land,  
 That is, looke on me, and with all thine eyes,  
 Male, Female, yea, *Hermaphroditicke* eyes,  
 And those bring all your helpes, and perspicills,  
 To see me at best aduantage, and augment

My forme as I come forth, for I doe feele  
 I will be one, worth looking after, shortly.  
 Now, by and by, that's shortly. \* 't strikes ! One, two,  
 Three, four, five, six. Inough, inough, d'care watch,  
 Thy pulse hath beate inough. Now sleepe, and rest;  
 Would thou couldst make the time to doe so too :  
 I'll winde thee vp no more. The houre is come  
 So long expected ! There, there, \* drop my wardship,  
 My pupill age, and vassalage together.

And Liberty, come throw thy selfe about me,  
 In a rich suite, cloake, hat, and band, for now  
 I'le sue out no mans Liuery, but miny owne,  
 I stand on my owne feete, so much a yeere,  
 Right, round, and sound, the Lord of mine owne ground,  
 And (to ryke to it) threescore thousand Pound !

\*Not come ? Not yet ? Taylor thou art a vermine,  
 Worse then the same thou prosecut'st, and prick'st  
 In subtil seame— (Go too, I say no more)

\* His Shoe-maker has pull'd on a new payre of bootes; and hee walks in his Gowne, waſcoate, and trouſes, expellting his Taylor.

\* He drawes forth his march, and sets it on the Table,

\* He throws off his gowne

\* He goes to the doore, and looks.

Thus to retard my longings : on the day  
 I doe write man, to beat thee. One and twenty,  
 Since the clock strooke, compleat ! and thou wilt seele it  
 Thou foolish *Animall* ! I could pitty him,  
 (An' I were not heartily angry with him now)  
 For this one peece of folly he beares about him,  
 To dare to tempt the Furie of an heyre,  
 T' aboue two thousand a yeere ; yet hope his custome !  
 Well, Mr. *Fashioner*, theres some must break—  
 A head, for this your breaking. Are you come, Sir,

## ACT.II. SCENE.IJ.

FASHIONER. PENIBOY. THOMAS  
 BARBER. HABERDASHER.

**G**od give your worship ioy. P.Iv. What? of your staying?  
 And leauing me to stalke here in my trowses,  
 Like a tame *Her-n-serv* for you? FAS. I but waited  
 Below, till the clocke strooke. P.Iv. Why, if you had come  
 Before a quarter, would it so hauchurt you,  
 In reputation, to haue wayred here?

FAS. No, but your worship might haue pleaded nonage,  
 If you had got hem on, ere I could make  
 Just *Affidans* of the time. P.Iv. That iest  
 Has gain'd thy pardon, thou had'st liu'd, condema'd  
 To thine owne hell else, neuer to haue wrought  
 Stitch more for me, or any *Pensiboy*,  
 I could haue hindred thee: but now thou art mine.  
 For one and twenty yeeres, or for three lies,  
 Chuse which thou wilt, I'll make thee a *Copy-holder*,  
 And thy first *Bill* vnquestion'd. Helpe me on.

*He says his  
 wife.*

FAS. Presently, Sir, I am bound vnto your worship. (*stone.*)  
 P.Iv. Thou shalt be, when I haue seal'd thee a *Lease* of my *Cu-*  
 FAS. Your wor<sup>ps</sup> *Barbar* is without. P.I.N. Who? *Them*?  
*Come in *Thom*:* set thy things vpon the Boord  
 And spread thy clothes, lay all forth *in procinctu*,  
 And tell's what newes? THO. O Sir, a staple of newes!  
 Or the *New Staple*, which you please. P.Iv. What's that?

FAS. An *Office*, Sir, a braue young *Office* set vp.  
 I had forgot to tell your worship. P.Iv. For what?  
 THO. To enter all the *Nevvess*, Sir, o' the time,

FAS. And vent it as occasion serues ! A place  
Of huge commerce it will be ! P.IV. Pray thee peace,  
I cannot abide a talking Taylor : let *Thom*  
(He's a Barber) by his place relate it,  
What is't, an *Office*, *Thom* ? THO. Newly erected  
Here in the house, almost on the same floore,  
Where all the newes of all sorts shall be brought,  
And there be examin'd, and then registered,  
And so be issud vnder the Seale of the *Office*,  
As *Staple Newes* ; no other newes be currant.

P.IV. Fore me, thou speake'st of a braue busines, *Thom*.

FAS. Nay, if you knew the braine that hatch'd it Sir —

P.IV. I know thee wel enough: giue him a loaf, *Thom* —  
Quiet his mouth, that Ouen will be venting else.  
Proceed — THO. He tells you true 'S<sup>r</sup>. M<sup>r</sup> *Cymbal*,  
Is Master of the *Office*, he proiect'd it,  
Hee lies here i'the house : and the great roomes  
He has taken for the *Office*, and set vp  
His Deskes and *Clasps*, Tables and his Shelues,

FAS. He's my Customer, and a *Wit* Sir, too.  
But, h'has braue wits vnder him — THO. Yes, fourre *Emissaries*,

P.IV. *Emissaries*? Stay, there's a fine new word, *Thom* !  
Pray God it signifie any thing, what are *Emissaries* ?

THO. Men employ'd outward, that are sent abroad  
To fetch in the commodity. FAS. From all regions  
Where the best newes are made. THO. Or vented forth.

FAS. By way of exchange, or trade. P.IV. Nay, thou wilt speak —  
FAS. My share Sir, there's enough for both. P.IV. Goe on then,  
Speake all thou canst : we thinkes, the ordinaries  
Should helpe them much. FAS. Sir, they haue ordinaries,  
And extraordinaries, as many changes,  
And variations, as there are points i'the compasse.

THO. But the 4. Cardingil Quarters — P.IV. I, those *Thom* —  
THO. The *Court*, Sir, *Bauls*, *Exchange*, and *Westminster-hall*.

P.IV. Who is the Chiefe ? which hath preecedencie ?  
THO. The governour o'the *Staple*, Master *Cymball*.

He is the Chiefe ; and after him the *Emissaries*:  
First *Emissary Court*, one Master *Fittion*,  
He's a leerer too. P.IV. What's that? FAS. A *Wit*.

THO. Or halfe a *Wit*, some of them are *Halfe-wits*,  
Two to a *Wit*, there are a set of 'hem.  
Then Master *Ambler*, *Emissary Paules*,  
A fine pac'd gentleman, as you shall see, walke  
The middle Ile : And then my *Frey Hans Buz*,  
A *Dutch-man* ; he's *Emissary Exchange*.

FAS. I had thought Mr. *Burst* the Merchant had had it. THO.  
He has a rupture, bee has sprung a leake,

He gives  
the Taylor  
leave to talk

# The STAPLE of NEVVEs.

Emissarie Westminster's vndispos'd of yet ;  
 Then the Examiner, Register, and two Clerkes,  
 They manage all at home, and sort, and file,  
 And seale the newes, and issue them. P. Iv. *Thom, deare Thom.*  
 What may my meanes doe for thee, aske, and haue it,  
 I'd faine be doing some good. It is my *birsh-day*.  
 And I'd doe it betimes, I feele a grudging  
 Of bountie, and I would not long lye fallow.  
 I pray thee thinke, and speake, or wish for something.

Tho. I would I had but one o' the Clerkes places,  
 I'this *Newes Office*, P. Iv. Theu shalt haue it, *Thom*,  
 It siluer, or gold will fetch it ; what's the rate ?  
 At what is't set i' the Mercat ? Tho. Fiftie pound, Sir.

P. Iv. An't were a hundred, *Thom*, thou shalt not want it.

Fas. O Noble Master ! P. Iv. How now *Eſops Aſſe* ?  
 Because I play with *Thom*, must I needes runne  
 Into your rude embraces ? stand you still, Sir ;  
 Clownes fawnings, are a horses salutations.

How doſt thou like my ſuite, *Thom* ? Tho. M<sup>r</sup> *Fashioner*  
 Has hit your measures, Sir, h'has moulded you,  
 And made you, as they ſay. Fas. No, no, not I,  
 I am an *Aſſe*, old *Eſops Aſſe*. P. Iv. Nay, *Fashioner*,  
 I can doe thee a good turne too, be not muſty,  
 Though thou haſt moulded me, as little *Thom* ſayes,  
 (I thinkē thou haſt put me in mouldy pockets.) Fas. As good,  
 Right Spanish perfume, the *Lady Eſtiania's*,  
 They cost twelue pound a payre. P. Iv. Thy bill will ſay ſo.  
 I pray thee tell me, *Fashioner*, what Authors  
 Thou read'ſt to helpe thy inuention ? Italian prints ?  
 Or Arras hangings ? They are Taylors *Libraries*.

Fas. I ſcorne ſuch helps. P. Iv. O, though thou art a ſilk-worme !  
 And deal'ſt in ſattins and veluets, and rich pluſhes,  
 Thou canſt not ſpin all formes out of thy ſelfe ;  
 They are quite other things : I thinkē this ſuite  
 Has made me wittier, then I was. Fas. Believe it Sir,  
 That clothes doe much vpon the wit, as weather  
 Do's on the braine ; and thence comes your proverbe ;  
 The *Taylor makes the man* : I ſpeak by experience  
 Of my owne Customers. I haue had Gallents,  
 Both Court and Countrey, would ha' fool'd you vp  
 In a new ſuite, with the beſt wits, in being,  
 And kept their ſpeed, as long as their clothes lasted  
 Han'some, and neate ; but then as they grew out  
 At the elbowes againe, or had a ſtaine, or ſpot,  
 They haue funke moſt wretchedly. P. Iv. What thou report'ſt,  
 Is but the common calamity, and ſcene daily ;  
 And therefore you haue another anſwering proverbe :

The Taylor  
leapes, and  
embraceth  
him.

He drawes  
out his poc-  
kets,

A broken sleeve keepes the arme backe, FAS. 'Tis true, Sir.  
And thence wee say, that such a one playes at peepe-arme.

P.IV. Doe you so? it is wittily sayd. I wonder, Gentlemen,  
And men of meanes will not maintaine themselues  
Fresher in wit, I meane in clothes, to the highest.  
For hee that's out o' clothes, is out o' fashion,  
And out of fashion, is out of countenance,  
And out o' countenance, is out o' Wit.

Is not Rogue Haberdasher come? HAB. Yes, here, Sir.  
I ha' beeene without this halfe houre. P.IV. Giue me my hat;  
Put on my Girdle. Rascall, sits my Ruffe well? (same hat)

LIN. In print. P.IV. Slaue. LIN. See your selfe. P.IV. Is this  
O'the blocke passant? Doe not answer mee,  
I cannot stay for an answer. I doe feele  
The powers of one and twenty, like a Tide  
Flow in vpon mee, and perceiue an Heyre,  
Can Coniure vp all spirits in all circles,  
Rogue, Rascall, Slaue, giue tradesmen their true names,  
And they appeare to hem presently. LIN. For profit.

P.IV. Come, cast my cloake about me, I'll goe see,  
This Office Thom, and be trimm'd afterwards.  
I'll put thee in possession, my prime worke!  
Gods so: my Spurrier! put 'hem on boy, quickly,  
I had like to ha lost my Spurres with too much speed.

They are all  
about him;  
busie.

His Spurri-  
er comes in.

## ACT. I. SCENE. III.

PENI-BOY, Canter. to them singing.

Good morning to my Joy, My iolly Peni-boy!

The Lord, and the Prince of plenty!

I come to see what riches, Thou bearest in thy breeches,

The first of thy one and twenty:

What, doe thy pockets gingle? Or shall we neede to mingle

Our strength both of foote, and horses!

These fellows looke so eager, As if they wold be leaguer

An Heyre in the midst of his forces!

I hope they be no Serieants! That hang upon thy margents.

This Rogue has the loule of a Taylor!

P.IV. O Founder, no such matter, My Spurrier, and my Hatter,

My Linnen-man, and my Taylor.

Thou shouldest haue beeene brought in too, Shoemaker,

The young  
Peny-boy  
answers in  
time.

If the time had beeene longer, and *Thom Barber*.  
 How do'st thou like my company, old *Canter*?  
 Doe I not muster a braue troupe? all *Bill-men*?  
 Present your *Armes*, before my *Founder* here,  
 This is my *Founder*, this same learned *Canter*!  
*He takes the  
bills, and puts  
hem vp in  
his pockets.*  
 He brought me the first newes of my fathers death,  
 I thanke him, and euer since, I call him *Founder*,  
 Worship him, boyes, I'll read onely the summes. (blesse him.)  
 And passe hem streight. SHO. Now Ale. REST. And strong Ale

P. IV. Gods so, some Ale, and Sugar for my *Founder*!

Good Bills, sufficient Bills, these Bills may passe.

P. CA. I do not like those paper-squibs, good Master.

They may vndoe your store, I meane, of Credit,  
 And fire your *Arsenal*, ifcuse you doe not  
 In time make good those *outerworkes*, your *pockets*,  
 And take a *Garrison* in of some two hundred,  
 To beat these *Pyoners* off, that carry a *Mine*  
 WOULD blow you vp, at last. Secure your *Casamates*,  
 Here Master *Picklocke*, Sir, your man o' Law,  
 And learn'd Attorney, has sent you a Bag of munition. (hem.)

P. IV. What is't? P. CA. Three hundred pieces. P. IV. I'll dispatch

P. CA. Do, I would haue your strengths lin'd, and perfum'd  
 With Gold, as well as Amber. P. IV. God a mercy,  
 Come, *Ad solvendum*, boyes! there, there, and there, &c.

I looke on nothing but *Totalis*. P. CA. See!

The difference 'twixt the couetous, and the prodigall!

„ The Couetous man never has money! and

„ The Prodigall will haue none shortly! P. IV. Ha,

What saies my *Founder*? I thanke you, I thanke you Sirs.

ALL. God blesse your worship, and your worships *Chanter*.

P. CA. I say tis nobly done, to cherish Shop-keepers,  
 And pay their Bills, without examining thus.

P. IV. Alas! they haue had a pittifull hard time on't,  
 A long vacation, from their coozening.

Poore Rascalls, I doe doe it out of charity.

I would aduance their trade againe, and haue them

Haste to be rich, sweare, and forswere wealthily,

What doe you stay for, Sirrah? SPV. To my boxe Sir,

P. IV. Your boxe, why, there's an *angel*, if my Spurres  
 Be not right *Rippon*. SPV. Giue me never a penny  
 If I strike not thorow your bounty with the Rowells.

P. IV. Do'st thou want any money *Founder*? P. CA. Who, S<sup>r</sup>. I.,  
 Did I not tell you I was bred i' the *Mines*,  
 Vnder Sir *Benis Bullion*. P. IV. That is true,  
 I quite forgot, you *Myne-men* want no money,  
 Your streets are pau'd with 't: there, the molten siluer  
 Runns out like creame, on cakes of gold. P. CA. And Rubies

Doe grow like Strawberries. P. Iv. 'Twere braue being there !  
Come *Thom*, we'll go to the *Office* now. P.CA. What *Office* ?  
P. Iv. *Newes Office*, the *New Staple*; thou shalt goc too,  
'Tis here i' the house, on the same floore, *Thom*. sayes,  
Come, *Founder*, let vs trade in Ale, and nutmegges.

ACT. I. SCENE. III.

REGISTER. CLERKE. VVOMAN.

W<sup>H</sup>at, are those Desks fit now? set forth the Table,  
The Carpet and the Chayfe: where are the *Newes*  
That were examin'd last? ha' you fil'd them vp?

CLE. Not yet, I had no time. REG. Are those newes registered,  
That *Emissary Buzz* sent in last night?

Of *Spinola*, and his *Egges*? CLE. Yes Sir, and fil'd.

REG. W<sup>H</sup>at are you now vpon? CLE. That our new *Emissary*  
*Westminster*, gau<sup>e</sup> vs, of the *Golden Heyre*.

REG. Dispatch, that's newes indeed, and of importance.  
What would you haue good woman? WO. I would haue Sir,  
A groatsworth of any *Newes*, I care not what,  
To carry downe this Saturday, to our *Vicar*.

REG. O ! You are a Butterwoman, aske *Nathaniel*  
The *Clerke*, there.. CLE. Sir, I tell her, she must stay  
Till *Emissary Exchange*, or *Pauls* send in,  
And then I'll fit her. REG. Doe good woman, haue patience,  
It is not now, as when the *Captaine* liu'd.

CLE. You'll blast the reputation of the *Office*,  
Now i'the Bud, if you dispatch these *Groats*,  
So soone: let them attend in name of policie.

A country-  
woman  
waies there.

## ACT. I. SCENE. V.

PENIBOY. CYMBAL. FITTON. THO:  
BARBER. CANTER.

**I**N troth they are dainty roome; what place is this?

CYM. This is the outer roome, where my Clerkes sit,  
And keepe their sides, the Register i'the midſt,  
The Examiner, he ſits priuate there, within,  
And here I haue my ſeverall Rowles, and Fyles  
Of Newes by the Alphabet, and all put vp  
Vnder their heads. P. Iv. But thole, too, ſubdiuided?

CYM. Into Authentickall, and Apocryphall.

FIT. Or Newes of doubtfull credit, as Barbers newes.

CYM. And Taylors Newes, Porters, and Watermens newes,

FIT. Whereto, beside the Coranti, and Gazetti.

CYM. I haue the Newes of the ſeaſon. FIT. As vacation newes,  
Termes-newes, and Christmas-newes. CYM. And newes o' the faction.

FIT. As the Reformed newes, Protestant newes,

CYM. And Pontificall newes, of all which ſeverall,  
The Day-bookeſ, Characters, Precedents are kept.  
Together with the names of ſpeciall friends—

FIT. And men of Correspondence i'the Countrey—

CYM. Yes, of all ranks, and all Religions.—

FIT. Factors, and Agents— CYM. Liegers, that lie out  
Through all the Shires o'the kingdome: P. Iv. This is fine!  
And beares a braue relation! but what ſayes

Mercurius Britannicus to this?

CYM. O Sir, he gaines by't halfe in halfe. FIT. Nay more  
I'll stand to't. For, where he was wont to get

In, hungry Captaines, obscure Statesmen. CYM. Fellowes

To drinke with him in a darke roome in a Tauerne,

And eat a Sawſage. FIT. We ha' ſeen't, CYM. As faine,

To keepe ſo many politique pennes

Going, to feed the preſſe. FIT. And dish out newes,

We'ret true, or false. CYM. Now all that charge is ſau'd

The publique Chronicler. FIT. How, doe you call him there?

CYM. And gentle Reader. FIT. He that has the maidenhead  
Of all the bookeſ. CYM. Yes, dedicated to him,

FIT. Or rather prostituted. P. Iv. You are right, Sir.

CYM. No more i'hall be abus'd, nor countrey-Parſons

O' the Inquisition, nor busie Justices,  
Trouble the peace, and both torment themselves,  
And their poore ign'rant Neighbours with enquiries  
After the many, and most innocent Monsters,  
That never came i'th' Counties they were charg'd with.

P. IV. Why, me thinkes Sir, if the honest common people  
Will beabus'd, why should not they ha' their pleasure,  
In the belieuing Lyes, are made for them;  
As you i'th' Office, making them your felues?

FIT. O Sir! it is the printing we oppose.

CYM. We not forbid that any Newes, be made,  
But that 't be printed; for when Newes is printed,  
It leaues Sir to be Newes. while 'tis but written —

FIT. Though it be ne're so false, it runnes Newes still.

P. IV. See diuers mens opinions! vnto some,  
The very printing of them, makes them Newes;  
That ha' not the heart to beleue any thing,  
But what they see in print. FIT. I, that's an Error  
Ha's abus'd many; but we shall reforme it,  
As many things beside (we haue a hope)  
Are crept among the popular abuses.

CYM. Nor shall the Stationer cheat vpon the Time;  
By buttering ouer againe — FIT. once, in Seuen Yeares,  
As the age doates — CYM. And growes forgetfull o' them,  
His antiquated Pamphlets, with new dates.

But all shall come from the Mins. FIT. Fresh and new stamp'd,

CYM. With the Office-Scale, Staple Commoditie.

FIT. And if a man will assure his Newes, he may:  
Two-pence a Sheet he shall be warranted,  
And haue a policie for't. P. IV. Sir, I admire  
The method o' your place; all things within't  
Are so digested, fitted, and compos'd,  
As it shewes Wit had married Order. FIT. Sir.

CYM. The best wee could to invite the Times. FIT. It ha's  
Cost sweat, and freesing. CYM. And some broken sleepes  
Before it came to this. P. IV. I easily thinke it.

FIT. But now it ha's the shape — CYM. And is come forth.

P. IV. A most polite neat thing! with all the limbs,  
As sense can tast! CYM. It is Sir, though I say it,  
As well-begotten a busines, and as fairely  
Help to the World. P. IV. You must be a Mid-wife Sir!  
Or els the sonne of a Mid-wife! ( pray you pardon me )  
Haue helpt it forth so happily! what Newes ha' you?  
Newes o' this morning? I would faine heare some  
Fresh, from the forge ( as new as day, as they say.)

CYM. And such we haue Sir. REG. Shew him the last Roul,  
Of Emissary West-minster's, The Heire.

P. Iv. Come nearer, Thom : CLA. There is a braue yong Heire  
Is come of age this morning, M<sup>r</sup>. Peny-boy. P. Iv. That's I !

CLA. His Father dy'd on this day seventh-night. P. Iv. True !

CLA. At sixe o'the Clocke i'the morning, iust a weeke  
Ere he was One and Twenty. P. Iv. I am here, Thom !

Proceed, I pray thee. CLA. An old Canting Begger  
Brought him first Newes, whom he has entertain'd,  
To follow him, since. P. Iv. Why, you shall see him ! Founder,  
Come in ; no Follower, but Companion,  
I pray thee put him in, Friend. There's an Angell —  
Thou do'st not know, hee's a wise old Fellow,  
Though he seeme patch'd thus, and made vp o' peeces.  
Founder, we are in, here, in, i'the Newes-Office !

In this dayes Rowle, already ! I doe mule  
How you came by vs Sir's ! CYM. One Master Pick-locke  
A Lawyer, that hath purchas'd here a place,  
This morning, of an Emissary vnder me.

FIT. Emissarie Westminster. CYM. Gauë it into th' Office,

FIT. For his Effay, his peece. P. Iv. My man o' Law !  
Hee's my Attorney, and Sollicitour too !

A fine pragmaticke ! what's his place worth ?

CYM. A Nemo-scit, Sir. FIT. 'Tis as Newes come, in,

CYM. And as they are issued. I haue the iust meoytie

For my part : then the other moeytie  
Is parted into seuen. The foure Emissaries ;  
Wherof my Cozen FITton here's for Court,  
Ambler for Pauls, and Buz for the Exchange,  
Picklocke, for Westminster, with the Examiner,  
And Register, they haue full parts : and then one part  
Is vnder-parted to a couple of Clarkes ;  
And there's the iust diuision of the profits !

P. Iv. Ha' you those Clarkes Sir. CYM. There is one Desk empty,  
But it has many Suitors. P. Iv. Sir, may I  
Present one more and carry it, if his parts  
Or Gifts, (which you will, call 'hem) CYM. Be sufficient Sir.

P. Iv. What are your present Clarkes habilitie's ?

How is he qualified ? CYM. A decay'd Stationer

He was, but knowes Newes well, can sort and ranke 'hem.

FIT. And for a need can make 'hem. CYM. True Paulesbred,  
I'the Church-yard. P. Iv. And this at the West-dore,  
O'th other side, hee's my Barber Thom,  
A pretty Scholler, and a Master of Arts,  
Was made, or went out Master of Arts in a threng,  
At the Vniuersitie ; as before, one Christmas,  
He got into a Masque at Court, by his wit,  
And the good meanes of his Cythern, holding vp thus  
For one o'the Masique, Hee's a nimble Fellow !

And alike skil'd in euery liberall Science,  
As hauing certaine snaps of all, a neat,  
Quick-vaine, in forging Newes too. I doe loue him,  
And promis'd him a good turne, and I would doe it.  
Whats your price? the value? CYM. Fifty pounds, Sr.

P. IV. Get in Thom, take possession, I install thee;  
Here, tell your money; giue thee ioy, good Thom;  
And let me heare from thee every minute of Newes,  
While the New Staple stands, or the Office lasts,  
Which I doe wish, may ne're be lesse for thy sake.

CIA. The Emissaries, Sir, would speake with you,  
And Master Fitton, they haue brought in Newes,  
Three Bale together. CYM. Sr, you are welcome, here.

FIT. So is your creature. CYM. Busynesse calls vs off, Sir,  
That may concerne the Office. P. IV. Keepe me faire, Sir,  
Still i'your Staple, I am here your friend,  
On the same flooer. FIT. We shall be your seruants.

P. IV. How doſt thou like it, Founder? P.CA. All is well,  
But that your man o' law me thinks appears not  
In his due time. O! Here comes Masters worship,

He buyes  
Thom a  
Clerkes  
place.

They take  
leavv of Pe-  
ny-boy, and  
Cantor.

## ACT. I. SCENE.VI.

### PICKLOCK. PENI-BOY. IV. P. CANTER.

How do's the Heyre, bright Master Peniboy?  
Is hee awake yet in his One and Twenty?  
Why, this is better farre, then to weare Cypresse,  
Dull smutting gloves, or melancholy blacks,  
And haue a payre of twelue-peny broad ribbands  
Laid out like Labells. P. IV. I should ha' made shift  
To haue laught as heartily in my mourners hood,  
As in this Suite, if it had pleas'd my father  
To haue beene buried, with the Trumpeters:

PIC. The Heralds of Armes, you meane. P. IV. I meane,  
All noyse, that is superfluous! PIC. All that idle pompe,  
And vanity of a Tombe-stone, your wise father  
Did, by his will, preuent. Your worship had—

P. IV. A louing and obedient father of him,  
I know it: a right, kinde-natur'd man,  
To dye soopportunely. PIC. And to settle  
All things so well, compouaded for your ward sh ip

The weeke afore, and left your state entyre  
 Without any charge vpon't. P. Iv. I must needes say,  
 I lost an Officer of him, a good Bayliffe,  
 And I shall want him; but all peace be with him,  
 I will not wish him alive, againe; not I,  
 For all my Fortune; give your worship ioy  
 O'your new place, your *Emissary-ship*,  
 I'the *Newes Office*. Pic. Know you, why I bought it Sr?

P. Iv. Not I. Pic. To worke for you, and carry a myne  
 Against the Master of it, Master *Cymball*;  
 Who hath a plot vpon a Gentlewoman,  
 Was once design'd for you, Sir. P. Iv. Me? Pic. Your father,  
 Old Master *Pensi-boy*, of happy memory,  
 And wisdome too, as any i'the *County*,  
 Carefull to finde out a fit match for you,  
 In his owne life time (but hee was preuented)  
 Left it in writing in a *Schedule* here,  
 To be annexed to his *Will*; that you,  
 His onely Sonne, vpon his charge, and blessing,  
 Should take due notice of a Gentlewoman,  
 Sojourning with your vncle, *Richer Pensi-boy*.

P. Iv. A Cornish Gentlewoman, I doe know her,  
 Mistresse, *Pecunia doe-all*. Pic. A great *Lady*,  
 Indeede shee is, and not of mortall race,  
*Infante of the Mines*; her Graces Grandfather,  
 Was *Duke*, and Cousin to the *King of Ophyr*,  
 The *Subterranean*, let that passe. Her name is,  
 Or rather, her three names are (for such shee is)  
*Aurelia Clara Pecunia*, A great Princesse,  
 Of mighty power, though shee liue in priuate  
 With a contracted family! Her *Secretary*—

P. C.A. Who is her Gentleman-vsher too. Pic. One *Broker*,  
 And then two Gentlewomen; Mistresse *Statute*,  
 And Mistresse *Band*, with *Waxe* the Chambermaide,  
 And Mother *Mortgage*, the old Nurse, two Groomes,  
*Pawne*, and his fellow; you haue not many to bribe, Sir.  
 The worke is feizable, and th'approches easie,  
 By your owne kindred. Now, Sir, *Cymball* thinkes,  
 The Master here, and gouernor o'the *Staple*,  
 By his fine arts, and pompe of his great place.  
 To draw her! He concludes, shee is a woman!  
 And that so soone as sh' heares of the *New Office*,  
 Shee'll cometo visit it, as they all haue longings  
 After new sights, and motions! But your bountyn,  
 Person, and brauery must atchieue her. P. C.A. Shee is  
 The talke o'the time! th'aduenture o'the age!

Pic. You cannot put your selfe vpon an action

Of

Of more importance. P.CA. All the world are suiters to her.

PIC. All sorts of men, and all professions!

P.CA. You shall haue stall-fed *Doctors*, cram'd *Divines*  
Make loue to her, and with those studied  
And perfum'd flatteries, as no rōme can stinke  
More elegant, then where they are. PIC. Well chanted  
Old *Canter* thou singst true. P.CA. And (by your leauē)  
Good *Masters worship*, some of your velvet coate  
Make corpulent curt'lies to her, till they cracke for't.

PIC. There's *Doctor Almanack* wooes her, one of the Ieerers,  
A fine Physician. P.CA. Your Sea-captaine, *Skin field*,  
Gives out he'll goe vpon the *Cannon* for her.

PIC. Though his lowd mouthing get him little credit,

P.CA. Young Master *Pyed-mantle*, the fine *Herrald*  
Professes to deriuē her through all ages,  
From all the *Kings*, and *Queenes*, that euer were.

PIC. And Master *Madrigall*, the crowned *Poet*  
Of these our times, doth offer at her praises  
As faire as any, when it shall please *Apollo*,  
That wit and rime may meeet both in one subiect.

P.CA. And you to beare her from all these, it will be—

PIC. A work of fame. P.CA. Of honor. PIC. Celebration.

P.CA. Worthy your name. PIC. The *Peni-boyes* to live in't,

P.CA. It is an action you were built for, Sir,

PIC. And none but you can doe it. P.IV. I'll vndertake it,

P.CA. And carry it. P.IV. Feare me not, for since I came  
Of mature age, I have had a certaine itch  
In my right eye; this corner, here, doe you see;  
To doe some worke, and worthy of a *Chronicle*.

### The first Intermeane after the first Ad.

MIRTH. How now Gossip! how doe's the Play please you?

MENSURE. Very scurialy, me thinks, and sufficiently naught.

EXPECTATION. As a body would wish: here's nothing but a young  
Prodigall, come of age, who makes much of the Barber, buyes him a  
place in a new Office, i' the ayre, I know not where, and his man o' Law to  
follow him, with the Begger to boose, and they two helpe him to a wife.

MIRTH. I, shee is a proper piece! that such creatures can broke for.

TATLE. I cannot abide that nasty fellow, the Begger, if hee had beeene  
a Court-Begger in good clothes; a Begger in velvet, as they say, I could  
have endar'd him.

MIRTH. Or a begging scholler in blacke, or one of these beggerly  
Poets, gossip, that would hang upon a young boyre like a horfleech.

# The STAPLE of NEVVEs.

EXPEC. Or a shred-bare Doctor of Physicke, a poore Quackesaluer.  
CENSURE. Or a Sea-captaine, halfe steruid.

MIRTH. I, these were tolerable Beggers, Beggers offashion! you shall see some such anon!

TATLE. I would faine see the Foole, gossip, the Foole is the finest man i' the company, they say, and has all the wit: Hee is the very Iustice o' Peace o' the Play, and can cemmit whom hee will, and what hee will, errour, absurdity, as the toy takes him, and no man say, blacke is his eye, but laugh at him.

MIRTH. But they ha' no Foole i' this Play, I am afraid, gossip.

TATLE. It's a wise Play, then.

EXPECTATION. They are all fooles, the rather, in that.

CENSURE. Like enough.

TATLE. My husband, (Timothy Tatle, God rest his poore soule) was wont to say, there was no Play without a Foole, and a Diuell in't; he was for the Diuell still, God blesse him. The Diuell for his money, would bee say, I would faine see the Diuell. And why would you so faine see the Diuell? would I say. Because hee has hornes, wife, and may be a cuckold, as well as a Diuell, bee would answer: You are e'en such another, husband, quoth I. Was the Diuell euer marria? where doe you read, the Diuell was euer so honorable to commit Matrimony; The Play will tell vs, that, says bee, wee'll goe see't to morrow, the Diuell is an Asse. Hee is an errant learn'd man, that made it, and can write, they say, and I am foully deceiu'd, but bee can read too.

MIRTH. I remember it gossip, I went with you, by the same token, Mr. Trouble Truth diswaded vs, and told vs, bee was a prophane Poet, and all his Playes had Diuels in them. That he kept schole upo' the Stage, could coniure there, aboue the Schoole of Westminster, and Doctor Lamb too: not a Play he made, but had a Diuell in it. And that he would learne vs all to make our husbands Cuckolds at Playes: by another token, that a young married wife i' the company, said, shee could finde in her heart to steale thither, and see a little o' the vanity through ber masque, and come practice at home.

TATLE. O, it was, Mistresse—

MIRTH. Nay, Gossip, I name no body. It may be 'twas my selfe.

EXPECTATION. But was the Diuell a proper man, Gossip?

MIRTH. As fine a gentleman, of his inches, as euer I saw trusted to the Stage, or anywhere else: and lou'd the common wealth, as well as ere a Patriote of hem all: bee would carry away the Vice on his backe, quicke to Hell, in every Play where he came, and reforme abuses.

EXPECTATION. There was the Diuell of Edmonton, no such man, I warrant you.

CENSURE. The Coniurer coosen'd him with a candle's end, bee was an Asse.

MIRTH. But there was one Smug, a Smith, would have made a borse laughe, and broke his halter, as they say.

TATLE. O, but the poore man had got a shrewd mischance, one day.

EXPECTATION. How, Gossip?

TATLE. He had dreft a Rogue lade i' the morning, that had the Staggers, and had got such a spice of hem himselfe, by noone, as they would not away all the Play time, doe what hec could, for his heart.

MIRTH. 'Twas his part, Gossip, he was to be drunke, by his part.

TATLE. Say you so, I understood not so much.

EXPECTA. Would wee had such an other part, and such a man in this play, I feare 'twill be an excellent dull thing.

CENSURE. Expect, intend it.



## ACT. II. SCENE. I.

PENI-BOY. SEN. PECVNIA. MORTGAGE.  
STATUTE. BAND. BROKER.



Our Grace is sad me thinks, and melancholy!  
You doe not looke vpon me with that face;  
As you were wont, my Goddesse, bright Pecunia:  
Although your Grace be talne, of two i' the hundred,  
In vulgar estimation; yet am I,  
Your Graces seruant still: and teach this body,

To bend, and these my aged knees to buckle,  
In adoration, and iust worship of you.

Indeed, I doe confesse, I haue no shape

To make a minion of, but I'm your Martyr,

Your Graces Martyr. I can heare the Rogues,

As I doe walke the streetes, whisper, and point,

There goes old Peni-boy, the slauke of money,

Rich Peni-boy, Lady Pecunia's drudge,

A sordid Rascall, one that never made

Good meale in his sleep, but sells the acates are sent him;

Fish, Fowle, and venison, and preserues himselfe,

Like an old heary Rat, with mouldy pye-crust:

This I doe heare, reioycing, I can suffer.

This, and much more, for your good *Graces* sake.

PEC. Why do you so my Guardian? I neit bid you,  
Cannot my *Grace* be gotten, and held too,  
Without your selfe-tormentings, and your watches,  
Your macerating of your body thus  
With cares, and scantings of your dyet, and rest?

P. SE. O, no, your seruices, my Princely *Lady*,  
Cannot with too much zeale of *rises* be done,  
They are so sacred. PEC. But my Reputation.  
May suffer, and the worship of my family,  
Wherby 'o seruile meanes they both are sought.

P. SE. You are a noble, young, free, gracious *Lady*,  
And would be euery bodie, in your bounty,  
But you must not be so. They are a few  
That know your merit, *Lady*, and can valew't.  
Your selte scarce vnderstands your proper powers.  
They are *all-mighty*, and that wee your seruants,  
That haue the honour here to stand so neere you,  
Know; and can vse too. All this *Nether-world*  
Is yours, you command it, and doe sway it,  
The honour of it, and the honesty,  
The reputation, I, and the religion,  
(I was about to say, and had not err'd)  
Is Queene *Pecunia's*. For that stile is yours,  
If mortals knew your *Grace*, or their owne good.

MOR. Please your *Grace* to retire. BAN. I feare your *Grace*  
Hath ta'ne too much of the sharpe ayre. PEC. Ono!  
I could endure to take a great deale more  
(And with my constitution, were it left)  
Vnto my choice, what thinke you of it, *Statute*?

STA. A little now and then does well, and keepes  
Your *Grace* in your complexion. BAN. And true temper.

MOR. But too much *Madame*, may encrease cold rheumes,  
Nourish catarrhes, greene sickneses, and agues,  
And put you in consumption. P. SE. Best to take  
Aduice of your graue women, Noble *Madame*,  
They know the state o'your body, and ha'it studied  
Your *Graces* health. BAN. And honour. Here'll be visitants,  
Or Suitors by and by; and 'tis not fit  
They find you here. STA. 'Twill make your *Grace* too cheape  
To give them audience presently. MOR. Leave your *Secretary*,  
To answer them. PEC. Waite you here, *Broker*. BRO. I shal *Madame*.  
And doe your *Graces* trusts with diligence.

A C T . I I .   S C E N E . I I .

P Y E D - M A N T L E .   B R O K E R .  
P E N I - B O Y .   S E N .

V V Hat luck's this ? I am come an inch too late,  
Doe you heare Sir ? Is your worship o'the family  
Vnto the *Lady Pecunia* ? BRO. I serue her *Grace*, Sir,  
*Aurelia Clara Pecunia*, the *Infanta*.

P YE. Has she all those Titles, and her *Grace* besides,  
I must correct that ignorance and over-sight,  
Before I doe present. Sir, I haue drawne  
A Pedigree for her *Grace*, though yet a Nouice  
In that so noble study. BRO. A *Herald at Armes* ?

P YE. No Sir, a *Pursuivant*, my name is Pyed-mantle.

B RO. Good Master Pyed-mantle. PYE. I haue deduc'd her.—

B RO. From all the *Spanishe Mines in the West-Indies*,  
I hope : for she comes that way by her mother,  
But, by her Grand-mother, she's *Duches of Mines*.

P YE. From mans creation I haue brought her. BRO. No further?  
Before Sr, long before, you haue done nothing else,  
Your *Mines* were before *Adam*, search your *Office*,  
Rowle fiftie and twenty, you will finde it so,  
I see you are but a Nouice, Master Pyed-mantle.  
If you had not told mee so. PYE. Sir, an *apprentise*  
In *armoiry*. I haue read the *Elements*,  
And *Accidence*, and all the leading bookees,  
And I haue, now, vpon me a great ambition,  
How to be brought to her *Grace*, to kisse her hands.

B RO. Why, if you haue acquaintance with *Mistresse Statute*,  
Or *Mistresse Band*, my *Ladies Gentlewomen*,  
They can induce you. One is a *Judges Daughter*,  
But somewhat stately; th'other *Mistresse Band*,  
Her father's but a *Scriuener*, but shee can  
Almost as much with my *Lady*, as the other,  
Especially, if *Rose Waxe* the *Chambermaid*  
Be willing. Doe you not know her, Sir, neither?

P YE. No in troth Sir. BRO. She's a good *plyant wench*,  
And easie to be wrought, Sir, but the *Nurse*  
*Old mother Mortgage*, if you haue a *Tenement*,  
Or such a morsell ? though shee haue no teeth,

She

Shee loues a sweet meat, any thing that melts  
 In her warme gummes, she could command it for you  
 On such a trifle, a toy. Sir, you may see,  
 How for your loue, and this so pure complexion,  
 (A perfect *Sanguine*) I ha' ventur'd thus,  
 The straining of a ward, opening a doore  
 Into the secrets of our family:

PYE. I pray you let mee know, Sir, vnto whom  
 I am so much beholden; but your name.

BRO. My name is *Broker*, I am *Secretary*,  
 And *Vfher*, to her *Grace*. PYE. Good Master *Broker*!

BRO. Good Mr. *Pyed-mantle*. PYE. Why? you could do me,  
 If you would, now, this fauour of your selfe.

BRO. Truely, I thinke I could: but if I would,  
 I hardly should, without, or *Mistresse Band*,  
 Or *Mistresse Statute*, please to appeare in it.  
 Or the good *Nurse* I told you of, *Mistresse Mortgage*:  
 We know our places here, wee mingle not  
 One in anothers sphere, but all moue orderly,  
 In our owne orbes; yet wee are all *Concentricks*.

PYE. Well, Sir, I'll waite a better season. BRO. Doe,  
 And study the right meanes, get *Mistresse Band*  
 To vrge on your behalfe, or little *Wax*.

PYE. I haue a hope, Sir, that I may, by chance,  
 Light on her *Grace*, as she's taking the ayre:

BRO. That ayre of hope, has blasted many an ayrie  
 Of Castrills like your selfe: Good Master *Pyed-mantle*,

P. SE. Well said, Master *Secretary*, I stood behinde  
 And heard thee all. I honor thy dispatches.  
 If they be rude, vatrained it our method  
 And haue not studied the rule, dismissie hem quickly,  
 Where's *Lickfinger* my *Cooke*? that vngentuous rascall?  
 Hee'll neuer keepe his houre, that vessell of kitchinstuffe!

Broker  
 makes a  
 mouth at  
 him.  
 He iceres  
 him again.  
 Old Peny-  
 boy leaps

A.C.T.

ACT II. SCENE IIJ.

BROKER. PENY-BOY. SE.  
LICK-FINGER.

Heere hee is come, Sir. P. SE. Pox vpon him kidney,  
Alwaies too late! LIC. To wish hem you, I confesse,  
That ha'them already. P. SE. What? LIC. The pox! P. SE. The  
The plague, and all diseases light on him, (piles,  
Knowes not to keepe his word. I'd keepc my word sure!  
I hate that man that will not keepe his word,  
When did I breake my word? LIC. Or I, till now?  
And 'tis but halfe an houre. P. SE. Halfe a yeere:  
To mee that stands vpon a minute of time.  
I am a iust man, I loue still to be iust.

LIC. Why? you thinke I can runne like light-foot Ralph,  
Or keep a wheele-barrow, with a sayle in towne here,  
To whirle me to you: I haue lost two stone  
Off suet i'the seruice posting hither,  
You might haue followed me like a watering-pot,  
And seene the knots I made along the street;  
My face dropt like the skimmer in a fritter panne,  
And my whole body, is yet (to say the truth)  
A rosted pound of butter, with grated bread in 't!

P. SE. Believe you, he that list. You stay'd of purpose,  
To haue thy venison stinke, and my fowle mortify'd,  
That you might ha' hem--LIC. A shilling ortwo cheaper,  
That's your iealousie. P. SE. Perhaps it is.  
Will you goe in, and view, and value all?  
Yonder is venison sent mee! fowle! and fish!  
In such abundance! I am sicke to see it!  
I wonder what they meane! I ha' told 'hem of it!  
To burthen a weake stomacke! and prouoke  
A dying appetite! thtust a sinne vpon me  
I ne'r was guilty of! nothing but gluttony!  
Grosse gluttony! that will vndoe this Land!

LIC. And bating two i'the hundred. P. SE. I, that same's  
A crying sinne, a fearefull damn'd deuise,  
Eats vp the poore, deuoures 'hem--LIC. Sir, take heed  
What you giue out. P. SE. Against your graue great Solons?  
Name Pompili, they that made that Law?

He sweepes  
his face.

To take away the poore's inheritance ?  
 It was their portion: I will stand to't.  
 And they haue rob'd hem of it, plainly rob'd hem,  
 I still am a iust man, I tell the truth.  
 When moneies went at Ten i'the hundred, I,  
 And such as I, the seruants of *Pecunia*,  
 Could spare the poore two out of ten, and did it,  
 How say you, *Broker*? (LIC. Ask your *Echo*) BRO. You did it.  
 P. SE. I am for Iustice, when did I leaue Iustice?  
 We knew 'twas theirs, they had right and *Title* to't.  
 Now---LIC. You can spare 'hem nothing. P. SE. Very little,  
 LIC. As good as nothing. P. SE. They haue bound our hands  
 With their wise solemne aſt, shortned our armes.  
 LIC. Beware those worshipfull eares, Sir, be not shortned,  
 And you play Crop i'the fleete, if you ſe this licence.  
 P. SE. What licence, Knaue? Informer? LIC. I am *Lickfinger*,  
 Your Cooke. P. SE. A saucy *Jacke* you are, that's once;  
 VVhat said I, *Broker*? BRO. Nothing that I heard, Sir.  
 LIC. I know his gift, hee can be deafe when he lift.  
 P. SE. Ha' you prouided me my bushell of egges?  
 I did bespeak? I doe not care how stale,  
 Or stincking that they be; let 'hem be rotten:  
 For ammunition here to pelt the boyes,  
 That breake my windowes? LIC. Yes Sir, I ha' spar'd 'hem  
 Out of the custard politique for you, the Maiors.  
 P. SE. 'Tis well, goe in, take hence all that excesſe,  
 Make what you can of it, your best: and when  
 I haue friends, that I invite at home, prouide mee  
 Such, such, and such a-dish, as I bespeak;  
 One at a time, no ſuperfluitie.  
 Or if you haue it not, returne mee money;  
 You know my waies. LIC. They are a little crooked.  
 P. SE. How knaue? LIC. Because you do indent. P. SE. 'Tis  
 I do indent you ſhall returne me money. (true, Sir,  
 LIC. Rather then meat, I know it: you are iust ſtill.  
 P. SE. I loue it ſtill. And therefore if you ſpend  
 The red-Deere pyes i' your houſe, or ſell'hem forth, Sir,  
 Cast ſo, that I may haue their coffins all,  
 Return'd here, and pil'd vp: I would be thought  
 To keepe ſome kind of houſe, LIC. By the mouldie ſigues?  
 P. SE. And then temember meat for my two dogs:  
 Fat flaps of mutton; kidneyes; rumps of veal;  
 Good plentious ſcraps; my maid ſhall eat the reliques.  
 LIC. VVhen you & your dogs haue din'd. A ſweet reuertiſon.  
 P. SE. VVho's here? my *Courtier*? and my little *Doctor*?  
 My *Master-Master*? and what Plouer's that  
 They haue brought to pull? BRO. I know not, ſome green Planet.

I'le find him out. P. SE. Doe, for I know the rest,  
They are the *leerers*, mocking, flouting *lackes*.

## ACT. II. SCENE. IV.

FITTON. PENI-BOY. SE. ALMANACH.  
SHVNFIELD. MADRIGAL. LICK-  
FINGER. BROKER.

**H**ow now old Money-Band? w're come---P. IV. To *ieere* me,  
As you were wont, I know you. ALM. No, to giue thee  
Some good security, and see *Pecunia*.

P. SE. What is't? FIT. Our selues.

ALM. Wee lbe one bound for another.

FIT. This noble *Doctor* here. ALM. This worthy *Courtier*.

FIT. This *Man o' war*, he was our *Muster Master*.

ALM. But a *Sea-Captaine* now, braue *Captaine Shvn-field*.

SHVN. You snuffe the ayre now, as the Scent displeas'd you?

FIT. Thou needst not feare him man, his credit is sound,

ATM. And season d too, since he tooke salt at Sea.

P. SE. I doe not loue pickl'd security,

Would I had one good *Fresh-man* in for all;

For truth is, you three stinke. SHV. You are a Rogue,

P. SE. I thinke I am, but I will lend no money.

On that security, *Captaine*. ALM. Here's a Gentleman,

A *Fresh-man* i' the world, one Master Madrigall.

FIT. Of an vntainted credit; what say you to him?

SHV. Hee's gone me thinkes, where is he? *Madrigall*?

P. SE. H' has an odde singing name, is he an Heyre?

FIT. An Heyre to a faire fortune, ALM. And full hopes:

A dainty *Scholler*, and a pretty *Poët*!

P. SE. Y'aue said enough. I haue no money, Gentlemen,

An' he goe to't in ryme once, not a penny.

SHV. Why, hee's of yeares, though he haue little beard,

P. SE. His beard has time to grow. I haue no money:

Let him still dable in *Poetry*. No *Pecunia*

Is to be seene. ALM. Come, thou lou'st to be costiue

Still i' thy curt'sie; but I haue a pill,

A golden pill to purge away this melancholly.

SHV. Tis nothing but his keeping o' the house here,

With his two drowsie doggs. FIT. A drench of sache

At a good tauerne, and a fine fresh pullet,

He holds up  
bis nose.

Madrigall  
Reps abdo  
with Bro-  
ker.

He snuffes  
again.

Would cure him. LIC. Nothing but a yong Haire in white.  
I know his diet better then the Doctor. (broth,

SHV. What Lick-finger? mine old host of Ram-Alcy?  
You ha' some mercat here. ALM. Some dosser of Fish  
Or Fowle to fetch of. FIT. An odde bargaine of Venison,  
To driue. P. SE. Will you goe in, knaue? LIC. I must needs,  
You see who driues me, gentlemen. ALM. Not the diuell.

FIT. Hee may be in time, hee is his Agent, now.

P. SE. You are all cogging Jacks, a Couy o' wits,  
The leerers, that still call together at meales:  
Orratheran Airy, for you are birds of prey:  
And flie at all, nothing's too bigge or high for you.  
And are so truely fear'd, but not belou'd  
One of another: as no one dares breake  
Company from the rest, lest they should fall,  
Upon him absent. ALM. O! the onely Oracle  
That euer peopt, or spake out of a dublet.

SHV. How the rogue stinks, worse then a Fishmonger sleeves!

FIT. Or Curriers hands! SHV. And such a perboil'd visage!

FIT. His face lookes like a Diers apron, iust!

ALM. A sodden head, and his whole braine a posset curd!

P. SE. I, now you ieere, ieere on; I haue no money.

ALM. I wonder what religion hee's of!

FIT. No certaine species sure, A kinde of mule!

That's halfe an Ethnicke, halfe a Christian!

P. SE. I haue no monie, gentlemen. SHV. This stocke,

He has no sense of any vertue, honour,

Gentrie or merit. P. SE. You say very right,

y meritorious Captaine, (as I take it !)

Merit will keeps no house, nor pay no house rent,

Will Mistresse Merit goe to mercat, thinke you?

Set on the pot, or feed the family?

Will Gentry cleare with the Butcher? or the Baker?

Fetch in a Pheasant, or a brace of Partridges,

From good-wife Poulter, for my Ladies supper.

(tho',

FIT. See! this pure rogue! P. SE. This rogue has money  
My worshipfull braue Courtier has no money.

No, nor my valiant Captaine. SHV. Hang you rascall.

P. SE. Nor you, my learned Doctor. I lou'd you

Whil you did hold your practice, and kill tripe wiues.

And kept you to your vrinall; but since your thombes

Haue greas'd the Ephemerides, casting figures,

And turning ouer for your Candle-rents,

Aud your twelue houses in the Zodiacke:

With your Almutens, Alma cantaras,

Troth you shall cant alone for Peny-boy.

SHV. I told you what we should find him, a meere Bawd.

FIT. A rogue, a cheater. P. Se. What you please, gentlemen,  
 I am of that humble nature and condition,  
 Neuer to minde your worships, or take notice  
 Of what you throw away; thus. I keepe house here  
 Like a lame Cobler, neuer out of doores,  
 With my two dogs, my friends; and (as you say)  
 Driue a quicke pretty trade, still. I get money:  
 And as for Titles, be they *Rogue*, or *Rascall*,  
 Or what your worships fancy, let hem passe  
 As transitory things; they're mine to day,  
 And yours to morrow. ALM. Hang thee dog. SHV. Thou curre.

P. Se. You see how I doe blush, and am ashamed  
 Of these large attributes? yet you haue no money.

ALM. Well wolfe, *Hyena*, you old pockie rascall,  
 You will ha' the *Hernia* fall downe againe  
 Into your *Scrotum*, and I shall be fent for.  
 I will remember then, that; and your *Fistula*  
*In ano*, I cur'd you of. P. Se. Thanke your dog-leech craft.  
 They were 'holesome piles, afore you meddl'd with hem.

ALM. What an vngratefull wretch is this? SHV. Hee minds  
 A curtesie nomore, then *London-bridge*,  
 What Arch was mended last. FIT. Hee never thinkes.  
 More then a logge, of any grace at Court,  
 A man may doe him: or that such a *Lord*  
 Reach't him his hand. P. Se. O yes! if grace would strike  
 The brewers Tally, or my good *Lords* hand,  
 Would quit the scores. But Sir, they will not doe it.  
 Here's a piece, my good *Lord* piece, doth all.  
 Goes to the Butehers, fetches in a muton,  
 Then to the Bakers, brings in bread, makes fires,  
 Gets wine, and does more reall Curtesies,  
 Then all my *Lords*, I know: My sweet *Lord* peece!  
 You are my *Lord*, the rest are cogging Jacks,  
 Vnder the *Rose*. SHV. Rogue, I could beat you now;

P. Se. True *Captaine*, if you durst beat any other.  
 I should belieue you, but indeed you are hungry;  
 You are not angry *Captaine*, if I know you.  
 Aright; good *Captaine*. No, *Pecunia*,  
 Is to be seene, though Mistresse *Bond* would speake,  
 Or little Blushet-Waxe, be ne'r so easie,  
 I'll stop mine eares with her, against the *Syrens*,  
 Court, and *Philosophy*. God be wi' you, Gentlemen,  
 Prouide you better names. *Pecunia* is for you.

FIT. What a damn'd *Harpy* it is? where's *Madrigall*?  
 Is he sneak'd hence. SHV. Here he comes with *Broker*,  
*Pecunia's Secretary*. ALM. He may doe some good  
 With him perhaps. Where ha you beeene *Madrigall*?

He comes a  
piece.

Madrigall  
returns.

MAD. Aboue with my *Ladies* women, reading verses.

FIT. That was a fauour. Good morrow, Master *Secretary*.

SHV. Good morrow, Master *Vſher*. ALM. Sir, by both  
Your worshipfull *Titles*, and your name *Mas Broker*.

Good morrow. MAD. I did aske him if hee were

*Amphibion Broker*. SHV. Why? ALM. A creature of two natures,

Because hee has two *Offices*. BRO. You may ieere,

You ha' the wits, young Gentlemen. But your hope

Of *Helicon*, will neuer carry it, heere,

With our fat family; we ha' the dulleſt,

Most unboar'd Eares for verse amongſt our females.

I grieu'd you read ſo long, Sir, old Nurse *Mortgage*,

Shee snoar'd i' the Chaire, and *Statute* (if you mark'd her)

Fell fast a ſleepe, and *Mistresse Band*, ſhee nodded,

But not with any consent to what you read.

They muſt haue ſomwhat elſe to chinke, then rymes.

If you could make an *Epitaph* on your Land,

(Imaginie it on departure) ſuch a *Poem*

Would wake hem, and bring *waxe* to her true temper.

MAD. I faith Sir, and I will try. BRO. 'Tis but earth,

Fit to make brickes and tyles of. SHV. Pocks vpon't

'Tis but for pots, or pipkins at the best.

If it would keepe vs in good tabacco pipes,

BRO. Twere worth keeping. FIT. Or in *porc'lane dishes*

There were ſome hope. ALM. But this is a hungry foile,

And muſt be helpt. FIT. Who would ho'd any Land

To haue the trouble to marle it. SHV. Not a gentleman.

BRO. Let clownes and hyndes affect it, that loue ploughes,

And carts, and harrowes, and are busie ſtill,

In vexing the dull element. ALM. Our ſweete *Songster*

Shall ratifie't into ayre. FIT. And you *Mas Broker*

Shall haue a feeling. BRO. So it ſupple, Sir,

The nerues. MAD. O! it ſhall be palpable,

Make thee runne thorow a hoope, or a thombe-ring,

The noſe of a tabacco pipe, and draw

Thy duſtile bones out, like a knitting needle,

To ſerue my ſubtil turnes. BRO. I ſhall obey, Sir,

And run a thred, like an houre-glaſſe. P. SE. Where is *Broker*?

Are not theſe flies gone yet? pray' quit my house,

I le smoake you out elſe. FIT. O! the Prodigall!

Will you be at ſo much charge with vs, and loſſe?

MAD. I haue heard you ha' offered Sir, to lock vp smoake,

And cauke your windores, ſpar up all your doores,

Thinking to keepe it a cloſe paſſonner wi' you,

And wept, when it went out, Sir, at your chimney.

FIT. And yet his eyes were dryer then a pummeſe.

SHV. A wretched rafcall, that will binde about

The nose of his bellowes, lest the wind get out  
When hee's abroad. ALM. Sweepes downe no cobwebs here,  
But sell's hem for cut-fingers. And the spiders,  
As creatures rear'd of dust, and cost him nothing,  
To fat old *Ladies* monkeyes. FIT. Hec has offer'd  
To gather vp spilt water, and preserue  
Each haire falls from him to stop balls with all.

SHV. A flauie, and an Idolater to *Pecunia*!

P.S.E. You all haue happy memories, Gentlemen,  
In rocking my poore cradle. I remember too,  
When you had lands, and credit, worship, friends,  
I, and could giue security : now, you haue none,  
Or will haue none right shottly. This can time,  
And the vicissitude of things. I haue  
All these, and money too, and doe possesse 'hem,  
And am right heartily glad of all our memories,  
And both the changes. FIT. Let vs leaue the viper.

P.S.E. Hee's glad he is rid of his torture, and so soone.  
Broker, come hither, vp, and tell your *Lady*,  
Shee must be readie presently, and *Statute*,  
*Band*, *Mortgage*, *VVix*. My prodigall young kinsman  
Will streight be here to see her, *top of our house*,  
The flourishing, and flanting *Peny-boy*.  
Whee were but three of vs in all the world,  
My brother *Francis*, whom they call'd *Franck Peny-boy*,  
Father to this: hee's dead! This *Peny-boy*,  
Is now the heire! I, Richer *Peny-boy*,  
Not *Richard* but old *Harry Peny-boy*,  
And (to make rime) cloſe, wary *Peny-boy*  
I shall haue all at last, my hopes doe tell me:  
Goe, see all ready; and where my dogs haue falted,  
Remoue it with a broome, and sweeten all  
VVith a slice of iuniper, not too much, but sparing,  
VVe may be faultie out-selues else, and turne prodigall,  
In entertaining of the *Prodigall*.  
Here hee is! and with him---what! a *Clapper Dudgeon*!  
That's a good signe, to haue the begger follow him,  
So neere at his first entry into fortune.

## ACT. II. SCENE. V.

PENY-BOY. IV. PENI-BOY. SEN. PICLOCK.  
 CANTER.) BROKER. PEVNIA. STATVTE.  
 BAND. WAX. MORTGAGE. *bid in the study.*

**H**ow now old Uncle? I am come to see thee.  
 And the braue *Lady*, here, the daughter of *Ophir*,  
 They say thou keepest. P. SE. Sweet Nephew, if she were  
 The daughter o' the *Sonne*, shee's at your seruice,  
 And so am I, and the whole family,  
 Worshipfull Nephew. P. IV. Sai'st thou so, deare Uncle?  
 Welcome my friends then: Here is, *Domine Picklocke*:  
 My *man o' Law*, sollicits all my causes.  
 Followes my businesse, makes, and compounds my quartells,  
 Betweene my tenants and mee, sowes all my strifes,  
 And reapes them too, troubles the country forme,  
 And vexes any neighbour, that I please.

P. SE. But with commission? P. IV. Vnder my hand & seale.  
 P. SE. A worshipfull place! PIC. I thanke his worship for it.  
 P. SE. But what is this old Gentleman? P. CA. A Rogue,  
 A very *Canter*, I Sir, one that *maunds*.  
 Upon the *Pad*, wee should be brothers though:  
 For you are neere as wretched as my selfe,  
 You dare not vse your money, and I haue none.

P. SE. Not vse my money, cogging *Jacke*, who vses it  
 At better rates? lets it for more i'the hundred,  
 Then I doe, Sirrah? P. IV. Be not angry uncle.

P. SE. What? to disgrace me, with my *Queen*? as if  
 I did not know her valew. P. CA. Sir, I meant

You durst not to enjoy it. P. SE. Hold your peace,  
 You are a *Jacke*. P. SE. Uncle, he shall be a *John*,  
 And, you goe to that, as good a man as you are.  
 An' I can make him so, a better man,  
 Perhaps I will too. Come, let vs goe. P. SE. Nay, kinsman,  
 My worshipfull kinsman; and the top of our house;  
 Doe not your penitent uncle that affront,  
 For a rash word, to leaue his ioyfull threshold,  
 Before you see the *Lady* that you long for.  
 The *Venus* of the time, and state, *Pecunia*!  
 I doe perciue, your bounty loues the man,

Young Pe-  
ny-boy is  
angry.

For some concealed vertue, that lie hides  
Vnder those rags. P.C.A. I owe my happinesse to him,  
The waiting on his worship, since I brought him  
The happy Newes, welcome to all young heires.

P. IV. Thou didst indeed, for which I thanke thee yet,  
Your Fortunate Princessse, Vnkle, is long a comming.

P. C.A. She is not rigg'd, Sir, setting forth some Lady,  
Will cost as much as furnishing a Fleet,  
Here she's come at last, and like a Galley  
Guilt i' the prow. P. IV. Is this *Pecnia*?

P. SE. Vouchsafe my toward kinsman, gracious *Madame*,  
The fauour of your hand. P.E.C. Nay, of my lips, Sir,  
To him. P. IV. She kisses like a mortall creature,  
*Almighty Madame*, I haue long'd to see you.

P.E.C. And I haue my desire, Sir, to behold  
That youth, and shape, which in my dreames and wakes,  
I haue so oft contemplated, and felt  
Warめ in my veynes, and natuie as my blood.  
When I was told of your arriuall here,  
I felt my heart beat, as it would leape out,  
In speach; and all my face it was a flame,  
But how it came to passe I doe not know:

P. IV. O! beauty loues to be more proud then nature,  
That made you blussh. I canhot satisfie  
My curious eyes, by which alone I am happy,  
In my beholding you. P.C.A. They passe the complement  
Prettily well. P.C. I, he does kisse her, I like him.

P. IV. My passion was cleare contrary, and doubtfull,  
I shooke for feare, and yet I danc'd for ioy,  
I had such motions as the Sunne-beames make  
Against a wall, or playing on a water,  
Or trembling vapour of a boyling pot----

P. SE. That's not so good, it should ha'bin a *Crucible*,  
With molten mettall, she had vnderstood it.

P. IV. I cannot talke, but I can loue you, *Madame*.  
Are these your Gentlewomen? I loue them too.  
And which is mistresse *Statute*? Mistresse *Band*?  
They all kisse close, the last stukke to my lips.

BRO. It was my *Ladies Chamber-maid, soft-waxe*.

P. IV. Soft lips she has, I am sure on't. Mother *Mortgaze*,  
I'll owe a kisse, till she be yonger, *Statute*,  
Sweet Mistresse *Band*, and honey, little *Waxe*,  
We must be better acquainted. STA. We are but seruants, Sir.

BAND. But whom her *Grace* is so content to grace,  
We shall obserue. WAX. And with all fit respect.

MOR. In our poore places. WAX. Being her *Graces shadowes*.

P. IV. A fine well-spoken family. What's thy name?

*The study is  
open'd where  
she sit in  
state;  
She kissth  
him.*

*He kissth  
her.*

*He doubles  
the comple-  
ment to them  
all.*

*BRO. Broker.* P.IV. Me thinks my vncle should not need thee,  
Who is a crafty Knaue, enough, beleue it.

Art thou her *Graces* Steward? *BRO.* No, her Vsher, Sir.

P.IV. What, o'the Hall? thou hast a sweeping face,  
Thy beard is like a broome. *BRO.* No barren chin, Sir,  
I am no *Eunuch*, though a Gentleman-Vsher.

*P.IV.* Thou shalt goe with vs. Vnkle, I must haue  
My *Princesse* forth to day. *P.SE.* Whither you please, Sir,  
You shall command her. *PEC.* I will doe all grace  
To my new seruant. *P.SE.* Thanks vnto your bounty;  
He is my Nephew, and my Chiefe, the Point,  
Tip, Top, and Tuft of all our family!  
But, Sir, condition'd alwaies, you returne  
Statute, and *Band* home, with my sweet, soft *Waxe*,  
And my good Nurse, here, *Mortgage*. *P.IV.* O! what else?

*P.SE.* By *Broker*. *P.IV.* Do not feare. *P.SE.* She shall go wi'  
Whither you please, Sir, any where. *P.CA.* I see (you,  
A Money-Bawd, is lightly a *Flesh-Bawd*, too.

*PIC.* Are you aduis'd? Now o'my faith, this *Canter*  
Would make a good graue *Bargeffe* in some Barne. (Sir.)

*P.IV.* Come, thou shalt go with vs, vncle. *P.CA.* By no means,

*P.IV.* We'll haue both Sack, and Fidlers. *P.SE.* I'll not draw  
That charge vpon your worship. *P.CA.* He speakes modestly,  
And like an Vnkle, *P.SE.* But *Mas Broker*, here,  
He shall attend you, Nephew; her *Graces* Vsher,  
And what you fancy to bestow on him,  
Be not too lauish, vse a temperate bountie,  
I'll take it to my selfe. *P.IV.* I will be princely,  
While I possesse my *Princesse*, my *Pecunia*. (lodging.)

*P.SE.* Where is't you eat? *P.IV.* Hard by, at *Picklocks*  
Old *Lickfinger's* the Cooke, here in *Ram-Alley*.

*P.SE.* He has good cheare; perhaps I'll come and see you.

*P.CAN.* O, fie! an Alley, and a Cooks-shop, grosse,  
'T will sauour, Sir, most rankly of 'hem both.  
Let your meat rather follow you, to a tauerne.

*PIC.* A tauern's as vnfit too, for a *Princesse*.

*P.CA.* No, I haue knowne a *Princesse*, and a great one,  
Come forth of a tauerne. *PIC.* Not goe in, Sir, though.

*P.CA.* She must goe in, if she came forth: the blessed  
*Pokahontas* (as the *Historian* calls her)  
And great Kings daughters of *Virginia*)  
Hath bin in womb of a tauerne; and besides,  
Your nasty Vnkle will spoyle all your mirth,  
And be as noysome. *PIC.* That's true. *P.CA.* No'faith,  
Dine in *Apollo* with *Pecunia*,  
At braue *Duke Wadloos*, hauc your friends about you,  
And make a day on't. *P.IV.* Content ifaith:

*Old Peny-  
boy shankee  
her, but  
makes his  
condition.*

*The Canter  
takes him a-  
side, and per-  
suades him,*

Our meat shall be brought thither. Simon the King,  
Will bid vs welcome. P.I.C. Patron, I haue a suite.

P.IV. What's that? P.I.C. That you will carry the *Infanta*,  
To see the *Staple*, her Grace will be a grace,  
To all the members of it. P.IV. I will doe it:  
And haue her *Armes* set vp there, with her *Tistles*,  
*Aurelia Clara Pecunia*, the *Infanta*.  
And in *Apollo*. Come (sweete *Princess*) goe.

P.S.E. Broker, be careful of your charge. BRO. I warrant you.

## The second Intermeane after the second Act.

CENSURE. Why, this is duller and duller! intolerable! scuray! neither  
Diuel nor Foole in this Play! pray God, some on vs be not a witch,  
Gosip, to forespeake the matter thus.

MIRTH. I feare we are all such, and we were old enough: But we are  
not all old enough to make one witch. How like you the Vice i'the Play.

EXPECTATION. Which is he?

MIR. Three or fourre: old Couetousnesse, the so did Peny-boy, the  
Money-bawd, who is a flesh-bawd too, they say.

TATLE. But here is never a Fiend to carry him away. Besides, he  
has never a wooden dagger! I'd not give a rush for a Vice, that has not a  
wooden dagger to snap at every body he meetes.

MIRTH. That was the old way, Gosip, when Iniquity came in like  
Hokos Pokos, in a luglers ierkin, with false skirts, like the Knaue of  
Clubs! but now they are attir'd like men and women o' the time, the  
Vices, male and female! Prodigality like a young heyre, and his Mi-  
stresse Money (whose fauours he scatters like counters) prankt up like a  
prime Lady, the *Infanta* of the Mines.

CEN. I, therein they abuse an honorable *Princess*, it is thought.

MIRTH. By whom is it so thought? or where lies the abuse?

CEN. Plaine in the stiling her *Infanta*, and giuing her three names.

MIRTH. Take heed, it lie not in the vice of your interpretation: what  
haue Aurelia, Clara, Pecunia to do with any person? do they any more,  
but expresse the property of Money, which is the daughter of earth, and  
drawne out of the Mines? Is there nothing to be call'd *Infanta*, but what is  
subject to exception? Why not the *Infanta* of the *Beggars*? or *Infanta* o' the  
*Gipsies*? as well as King of *Beggars*, and King of *Gipsies*?

CEN: Well, and there were no wiser then I, I would sow him in a sack,  
and send him by sea to his *Princess*.

MIRT. Faith, and hee beard you Censure, he would goe neere to sticke  
the Asses eares to your high dressing, and perhaps to all ours for harkening  
to you.

# The STAPLE of NEVVES.

TATLE. By'r Lady but he shold not to mine, I would harken, and harken, and censure, if I saw cause for th' other Princesse sake Pokaliontas, surnam'd the blessed, whom hee has abus'd indeed (and I doe censure him, and will censure him) to say she came foorth of a Tauerne, was said like a paltry Poet.

MIRTH. That's but one Gossips opinion, and my Gossip Tatle's too! but what saies Expectation, here, she sits sullen and silent.

EXP. Troth I expect their Office, their great Ofiscc! the Staple, what it will be! they haue talk't on't, but wee see't not open yet; would Butter would come in, and spread it selfe a little to vs.

MIRTH. Or the butter-box, Buz, the Emissary.

TATLE. When it is churn'd, and dish't, we shall heare of it.

EXP. If it be fresh and sweet butter; but say it be lower and wheyish.

MIR. Then it is worth nothing, meere pot-butter, fit to be spent in suppositories, or greasing coach-wheelees, stale stinking butter, and such I feare it is, by the being barrell'd up so long.

EXPECTATION. Or rankt Irish butter.

CEN. Hane patience Gossips, say that contrary to our expectations it prouer right, reasonable, salt butter.

MIR. Or to the tyme of yeer, in Lent, delicate Almond butter! I haue a sweet tooth yet, and I will hope the best; and sit downe as quiet, and calme as butter; looke as smooth, and soft as butter; be merry, and melt like butter; laugh and be fa: like butter: so butter as ffor my expectation, and be not mad butter; If it be: It shall both July and December see. I say no more, But--- Dixi.

## TO THE READERS.

**I**N this following *Act*, the *Office* is open'd, and shew'n to the *Prodigall*, and his *Princesse Pecunia*; wherein the *allegory*, and purpose of the *Author* hath hitherto beene wholly mistaken, and so sinister an interpretation beene made, as if the soules of most of the *Spectators* had liu'd in the eyes and eares of these ridiculous Gossips that tattle betweene the *Acts*. But hee prayes you thus to mend it. To consider the *Newes* here vented, to be none of his *Newes*, or any reasonable mans; but *Newes* made like the *times Newes*, (a weekly cheat to draw mony) and could not be fitter reprehended, then in raising this ridiculous *Office* of the *Staple*, wherein the age may see her owne folly, or hunger and thirst after publish'd pamphlets of *Newes*, set out euery Saturday, but made all at home, & no syllable of truth in them: then which there cannot be a greater disease in nature, or a fouler scorne put vpon the *times*. And so apprehending it, you shall doe the *Author*, and your owne iudgement a courtesie, and perceiue the tricke of alluring mon<sup>ey</sup> to the *Office*, and there cooz'ning the people. If you haue the truth, rest quiet, and consider that

*Ficta, voluptatis causa, sint proxima veris.*



ACT. III. SCENE. I.

FITTON. CYMBAL, to them PICKLOCKE.  
REGISTER. CLERKE. THO: BARBER.



Ou hunt vpon a wrong scent still, and thinke  
The ayre of things will carry 'hem, but it must  
Be reason and proportion, not fine sounds,  
My cousin *Cymball*, must get you this *Lad*.,  
You haue entertain'd a petty-fogger here,  
*Picklocke*, with trust of an *Emissaries* place,  
And he is, all, for the young *Prodigall*,  
You see he has left vs. CYM. Come, you doe not know him,  
That speake thus of him. He will haue a tricke,  
To open vs a gap, by a trap-doore,  
When they least dreame on't. Here he comes. What newes?

PICK. Where is my brother *Buz*? my brother *Ambler*?  
The *Register*, *Examiner*, and the *Clerkes*?  
Appeare, and let vs muster all in pompe,  
For here will be the rich *Infanta*, presently,  
To make her visit. *Peny-boy* the heyre,  
My Patron, has got leauue for her to play  
With all her traine, of the old churle, her *Guardian*.  
Now is your time to make all court vnto her,  
That she may first but know, then loue the place,  
And shew it by her frequent visits here:  
And afterwards, get her to sojourne with you.  
She will be weary of the *Prodigall*, quickly.

CYM. Excellent newes! FIT. And counsell of an *Oracle*!  
CYM. How say you cousin *Fitton*? FIT. brother *Picklock*,  
I shall adore thee, for this parcell of tidings,  
It will cry vp the credit of our *Office*,  
Eternally, and make our *Staple* immortall!

PICK. Looke your addresses, then, be faire and fit,  
Digitized by Google And

And entertaine her, and her creatures, too,  
With all the *migniardise*, and quaint *Caresses*,  
You can put on hem. FIT. Thou seem'st, by thy language,  
No lesse a *Courtier*, then a *man o' Law*.

I must embrace thee. PIC. Tut, I am *Vertumnus*,  
On euery change, or chance, vpon occasion,  
A true *Chamalion*, I can colour for't.  
I moue vpon my axell, like a turne-pike.

Fit my face to the parties, and become  
Streight, one of them. CYM. Sirs, vp, into your Desks,  
And spread the rolls vpon the Table, so.

Is the *Examiner* set? REG. Yes, Sir. CYM: *Ambler*, and *Buz*,  
Are both abroad, now. PIC. We'll sustaine their parts.  
Nomatter, let them ply the affayres without,

Let vs alone within, I like that well.

On with the cloake, and you with the *Staple* gowne,  
And keep your state, stoupe only to the *Infanta*;  
We'll haue a flight at *Mortgage*, *Statute*, *Band*,  
And hard, but we'll bring *Wax* vnto the retriuere:  
Each know his seuerall prouince, and discharge it.

FIT. I do admire this nimble ingine, *Picklock*. CYM. Cuz,  
What did I say? FIT. You haue rectified my errour!

*Fitton puts on the office cloake, and Cymbal the gowne.*

*Fitton is brought abone.*

### ACT. III. SCENE. II.

PENI-BOY. IV. P. CANTER. PECVNIA. STATE. BAND. MORTGAGE. WAX. BROKER. CUSTOMERS.

BY your leave, Gentlemen, what newes? good, good still?  
BY your new Office? *Princesse*, here's the *Staple*!

This is the Gouernor, kisse him, noble *Princesse*,  
For my sake. *Thom*, how is it honest *Thom*?

How does thy place, and thou? my Creature, *Princesse*?  
This is my Creature, giue him your hand to kisse,  
He was my Barber, now he writes *Clericus*!

I bought this place for him, and gaue it him.

P. CA. He should haue spoke of that, Sir, and not you!  
Two doe not doe one Office well. P. IV. 'Tis true,  
But I am loth to lose my curtesies.

P. CA. So are all they, that doe them, to vaine ends;

*He tells Pe-cunia of Thom.*

And yet you do lose, when you pay you selues.

P. Iv. No more o' your sentences, *Canter*, they are stale,  
We come for *newes*, remember where you are.  
I pray thee let my *Princesse* heare some *newes*,  
Good Master *Cymbal*. Cym. What newes would she heare?  
Or of what kind, Sir? P. Iv. Any, any kind.  
So it be *newes*, the newest that thou hast,  
Some *newes* of State, for a *Princesse*.

Cym. Read from *Rome*, there.  
Tho. They write, the *King of Spaine* is chosen *Pope*. P. Iv. How?

Tho. And *Emperor* too, the thirtieth of *February*.

P. Iv. Is the *Emperor* dead? Cym. No, but he has resign'd,  
And trailes a pike now, vnder *Tilly*. Fit. For penance.

P. Iv. These will beget strange turnes in *Christendome*!

Tho. And *Spinola* is made *Generall* of the *Iesuits*.

P. Iv. Stranger! Fit. Sir, all are alike true, and certaine.

Cym. All the pretence to the fifth *Monarchy*,  
Was held but vaine, vntill the *ecclesiastique*,  
And *secular* powers, were vntited, thus,  
Both in one person. Fit. 'T has bin long the ayme  
Of the house of *Austria*. Cym. See but *Maximilian*.

His letters to the *Baron of Bouterfheim*,

Or *Scheiter-buyssen*. Fit. No, of *Liechtenstein*,

*Lord Paul*, I thinke. P. Iv. I haue heard of some such thing.

*Don Spinola* made *Generall* of the *Iesuits*!

A Priest! Cym. O, no, he is dispenc'd with all,

And the whole *society*, who doe now appeare

The onely Enginers of *Christendome*.

P. Iv. They haue bin thought so long, and rightly too.

Fit. Witnesse the Engine, that they haue presented him,

Towinde himselfe with, vp, into the *Moone*:

And thence make all his discoueries! Cym. Read on.

Tho. And *Vittellesco*, he that was last *Generall*,

Being now turn'd *Cooke* to the *society*,

Has dreft his excellency, such a dish of egges---

P. Iv. What potch'd? Tho. No, powder'd.

Cym. All the yolke is wilde fire,

As he shall need beleaguer no more towries,

But throw his *Egge* in. Fit. It shall cleare consume,

Palace, and place; demolish and beare downe,

All strengths before it! Cym. Neuer be extinguish'd!

Till all become one ruine! Fi. And from *Florence*,

Tho. They write was found in *Galileos* study,

A burning *Glaſſe* (which they haue sent him too)

To fire any *Fleet* that's out at *Sea*---

Cym. By *Mooneshine*, is't not so? Tho. Yes, Sir, i'the water.

P. Iv. His strengths will be vnresistable, if this hold!

Ha'youno *Newes* against him, on the contrary?

*Newes from Rome*.

*Newes of the Emperor, and Tilly*.

*Newes of Spinola*.

*The fifth Monarchy, uniting the Ecclesiastickē and Secular power.*

*A plot of the house of Austria.*

*More of Spinola*.

*His Egges*.

*Galilæo's study*.

*The burning glaſſe, by Moon-shine.*

*The Hollan-  
ders Eele.**Peny-boy  
will have  
him change  
sides:**though he  
pay for it.**Spinola's  
new project:  
an army in  
cork-shooes.**Extraction  
of farts**The perpetuall Motion.*

CIA. Yes, Sit, they write here, enc *Cornelius-Son*,  
Hath made the *Hollanders* an inuisible *Eele*,  
To swimme the hauen at *Dunkirke*, and sinke all  
The shipping there. P. IV. Why ha' not you this, *Thom*?

CYM. Because he keeps the *Pontificall* side.

P. IV. How, change sides, *Thom*. 'Twas neuer in my thought  
To put thee vp against our sclues. Come downe,  
Quickly. CYM. Why, Sir? P. IV. I venterd not my mony  
Vpon those termes: If he may change; why so.  
I'll ha him keepe his owne side, sure. FIT. Why, let him,  
'Tis but writing so much ouer againe.

P. IV. For that I'll beare the charge: There's two Piecces, (Sir.)

FIT. Come, do not stick with the gentleman. CYM. I'll take none  
And yet he shall ha'the place. P. IV. They shall be ten, then,  
Vp, *Thom*: and th' *Office* shall take 'hem. Keep your side, *Thom*.  
Know your owne side, doe not forsake your side, *Thom*.

CYM. Read. THO. They write here one *Cornelius-Son*,  
Hath made the *Hollanders* an inuisible *Eele*,  
To swimme the Hauen at *Dunkirke*, and sinke all you Sit.  
The shipping there. P. IV. But how is't done? CYM. I'll shew  
It is an *Automa*, runnes vnder water,  
With a snug nose, and has a nimble taile  
Made like an *auger*, with which taile she wrigles  
Betwixt the coasts of a Ship, and sinkes it staight.

P. IV. Whence ha' you this *newes*. FIT. From a right hand I assure  
The *Eele-boats* here, that lye before *Queen-Hyth*,  
Came out of *Holland*. P. IV. A most braue deuice,  
To murder their flat bottomes. FIT. I doe grant you:  
But what if *Spinola* haue a new *Project*:  
To bring an army ouer in corke-shooes,  
And land them, here, at *Harwick*? all his horse  
Are shod with corke, and fourescore pieces of ordinance,  
Mounted vpon cork-carriages, with bladders,  
In stead of wheeles to runne the passage ouer  
At a spring-tide. P. IV. Is't true? FIT. As true as the rest.

P. IV. He'll neuer leaue his engines: I would heare now  
Some curious *newes*. CYM. As what? P. IV. *Magick*, or *Alchimy*  
Or flying i'the ayre, I care not what.

CIA. They write from *Libzig* (reuerence to your eares)  
The Art of drawing farts out of dead bodies,  
Is by the *Brotherhood* of the *Rosie Croffe*,  
Produc'd vnto perfection, in so sweet  
And rich a *tincture*---FIT. As there is no *Princesse*,  
But may perfume her chamber with th' *extraction*.

P. IV. There's for you, *princesse*. P. CA. What, a fart for her?

P. IV. I meane the *spirit*. P. CA. Beware how she resents it.

P. IV. And what hast thou, *Thom*? THO. The perpetuall Motion,

Is here found out by an Alewife in Saint Katherines,  
At the signe o' the dancing Beares. P. Iv. What, from her tap?  
I'll goe see that, or else I'll send old Caster:  
He can make that discouery. P. Ca. Yes, in Ale.

P. Iv. Let me haue all this Newes, made vp, and seal'd.

REG. The people presse vpon vs, please you, Sir,  
Withdraw with your faire Princesse. There's a roome  
Within, Sir, to retyre too! P. Iv. No; good Register,  
We'll stand it out here, and obserue your Office;  
What Newes it issues. REG. 'Tis the house of fame, Sir,  
Where both the curious, and the negligent,  
The scrupulous, and carelesse, wilde, and stay'd;  
The idle, and laborious; all doe meet,  
To tast the Cornucopia of her rumors,  
Which she, the mother of sport, pleaseth to scatter  
Among the vulgar: Baites, Sir, for the people!  
And they will bite like fishes. P. Iv. Let's see't.

DOP. Ha' you in your prophane Shop, any Newes  
O'the Saints at Amsterdam? REG. Yes, how much would you?

DOP. Six penny worth. REG. Lay your mony down, read, Thomas.

THO. The Saines do write, they expect a Prophet, shortly,  
The Prophet Baal, to be sent ouer to them,  
To calculate a time, and halfe a time,  
And the whole time, according to Naometry.

P. Iv. What's that? THO. The measuring o'the Temple: a Cabal  
Found out but lately, and set out by Archie,  
Or some such head, of whose long coat they haue heard,  
And being black, desire it. DOP. Peace be with them!

REG. So there had need, for they are still by the eares  
One with another. DOP. It is their zeale. REG. Most likely.

DOP. Haue you no other of that species? REG. Yes,  
But dearer, it will cost you a shilling. DOP. Verily,  
There is a nine-pence, I will shed no more.

REG. Not, to the good o'the Saints? DOP. I am not sure,  
That, man is good: REG. Read, from Constantinople,  
Nine penny'orth. THO. They giue out here, the grand Signior  
Is certainly turn'd Christian, and to cleare  
The controuersie twixt the Pope and him,  
Which is the Antichrist; he meanes to visit  
The Church at Amsterdam, this very Sommer,  
And quit all marks o'the beast. DOP. Now ioyfull tydings.  
Who brought in this? Which Emissary? REG. Buzz,  
Your countrey-man. DOP. Now, blessed be the man,  
And his whole Family, with the Nation.

REG. Yes, for Amboyna, and the Iustice there!  
This is a Doper, a the Anabaptist!  
Seale and deliuier her her newes, dispatch.

The Register  
offered  
him a room.

The Office  
call'd the  
house of  
fame.

I. Cup.  
A Pro  
baptist.

Prophet Ba  
al expell'd  
in Holland.

Archie  
mourn'd  
then.

The great  
Turk turn'd  
Christian.

## The STAPLE of NEVVES.

2. Cus.<sup>t.</sup>

A Coloney  
or Cookes  
sent over to  
conuert the  
Canniballs.

3. Cus.<sup>t.</sup>  
By Colonel  
Lickfinger.

C. 2. Ha' you any newes from the Indies? any mirac  
Done in *Japan*, by the *Iesuites*? or in *China*?

C.L.A. No, but we heare of a *Colony* of cookes  
To be set a shore o' the coast of *America*,  
For the conuersion of the *Caniballs*,  
And making them good, eating *Christians*.  
Here comes the *Colonell* that undertakes it.

C. 2. Who? captaine *Lickfinger*? L.I.C. *Newes, newes* my boyes!  
I am to furnish a great feast today,  
And I would haue what *newes* the *Office* affords.

C.L.A. We were venting some of you, of your *new project*,  
REG. Afore twas paid for, you were somewhat too hasty.

P. IV. What *Lickfinger*! wilt thou conuert the *Caniballs*,  
With spit and pan *Diuinity*? L.I.C. Sir, for that  
I will not vrge, but for the fire and zeale  
To the true cause; thus I haue vndertaken:  
With two Lay-brethren, to my selfe, no more,  
One o' the broach, th'other o' the boyler,  
In one sixe months, and by plaine cookery,  
No magick to't, but old *Japans* physicke,  
The father of the *European Arts*,  
To make such sauces for the *Sauages*,  
And cooke their meats, with those inticing steemes,  
As it would make our *Caniball-Christians*,  
Forbeare the mutuall eating one another,  
Whch they doe doe, more cunningly, then the wilde  
*Ambropophagi*; that snatch onely strangers,  
Like my old Patrons dogs, there. P. IV. O, my *Vncles*!  
Is dinner ready, *Lickfinger*? L.I.C. When you please, Sir.  
I was bespeaking but a parcell of *newes*,  
To strew out the long meale withall, but 't seemes  
You are furnish'd here already. P. IV. O, not halfe!

L.I.C. What *Court-newes* is there? any *Proclamations*,  
Or *Edicts* to come forth. T.H.O. Yes, there is one.  
That the *Kings Barber* has got, for aid of our trade:  
Whereof there is a manifest decay.

A *Precept* for the wearing of long haire,  
To runne to seed, to sow bald pates withall,  
And the preseruing fruitfull heads, and chins,  
To help a mistery, almost antiquated.  
Such as are bald and barren beyond hope,  
Are to be separated, and set by

For *Vfshers*, to old *Countesses*. L.I.C. And *Coachmen*.  
To mount their boxes, reverently, and drie,  
Like *Lapwings*, with a shell vpo' their heads.  
Thorow the streets. Ha' you no *Newes* o' the *Stage*?  
They'll aske me abou *new Plays*, at dinner time.

To let long  
haire runne  
to seed, to sow  
bald pates.

And I should be as dumbe as a fish. THO. O! yes.  
There is a *Legacy* left to the *Kings Players*,  
Both for their various shifting of their *Scene*,  
And dext'rous change o'their persons to all shapes,  
And all disguises : by the right reuerend  
*Archbishop of Spalato*. LIC. He is dead,  
That plai'd him! THO. Then, h'has lost his share o' the *Legacy*.

LIC. What newes of *Gundomar*? THO. A second *Fistula*,  
Or an *excoriation* (at the least)  
For putting the poore *English-play*, was writ of him,  
To such a lordid vse, as (is said) he did,  
Of cleansing his *posterior's*. LIC. Justice! Justice!

THO. Since when, he liues condemn'd to his share, at *Bruxels*.  
And there sits filing certaine *politique* hinges,  
To hang the *States* on, h'has heau'd off the hookes. (nothing,

LIC. What must you haue for these? P. IV. Thou shalt pay  
But reckon 'hem in i'the bill. There's twenty pieces,  
Her *Grace* bestowes vpon the *Office*, Thom,  
Write thou that downe for *Newes*. REG. We may well do,  
We haue not many such. P. IV. There's twenty more,  
If you say so; my *Princess* is a *Prineesse*!  
And put that too, vnder the *Office Seale*.

CYM. If it will please your *Grace* to sojourne here,  
And take my roofe for couert, you shall know  
The rites belonging to your blood, and bi rth,  
Which few can apprehend: these lordid seruants,  
Which rather are your keepers, then attendants,  
Should not come neere your presence. I would haue  
You waited on by *Ladies*, and your traine  
Borne vp by persons of quality, and honour,  
Your meat should be seru'd in with curious dances,  
And set vpon the boord, with virgin hands,  
Tun'd to their voices; not a dish remou'd,  
But to the *Musick*, nor a drop of wine,  
Mixt, with his water, without *Harmony*,

PEC. You are a *Courtier*, Sir, or somewhat more;  
That haue this tempting language! CYM. I'm your seruant,  
Exellent *Princess*, and would ha' you appeare  
That, which you are. Come forth *State*, and wonder,  
Of these our times, dazzle the vulgar eyes.  
And strike the people blind with admiration.

P.CAN. Why, that's the end of wealth! thrust riches outward,  
And remaine beggers within: contemplate nothing  
But the vile lordid things of time, place, money,  
And let the noble, and the precious goe,  
Vertue and honesty; hang 'hem; poore thinne membranes  
Of honour; who respects them? O, the *Fates*!

Spalato's  
*Legacy* to  
the Players.

Gundo-  
mar's vse of  
the game at  
Chesse, or  
Play so cal-  
led.

He gives  
20. pieces,  
to the Of-  
fice.  
Doubles it.

Cymbal  
takes Pecu-  
nia aside,  
comes and  
meets her, to  
the Office.

Fitton hath  
beene con-  
ting the wait-  
ing-women,  
this while,  
and is seared  
by them.

How hath all iust, true reputation fall'n,  
Since money, this base money 'gan to haue any !

BAN. Pitty, the Gentleman is not immortall.

WAX. As he giues out, the place is, by description.,

FIT. A very Paradise, if you law all, *Lady*.

WAX. I am the Chamber-maid, Sir, you mistake,  
My *Lady* may fee all.

FIT. Sweet Mistresse Statute, gentle Mistresse Band,  
And Mother Mortgage, doe but get her Grace

To sojourne here.—PIC. I thanke you gentle Waxe,

MOR. If it were a Chattell, I would try my credit.

PIC. So it is, for terme of life, we count it so.

STA. She meanes, Inheritance to him, and his heyres :  
Or that he could assure a State, of yeeres :

I'll be his Statute-Staple, Statute-Merchant,

Or what he please. PIC. He can expect no more.

BAN. His cousin Alderman Security,  
That he did talke of so, e'en now—STA. Who, is  
The very broch o' the bench, gem o' the City.

BAN. He and his Deputy, but assure his life  
For one *seven* yeeres. STA. And see what we'll doe for him,  
Vpon his *scarles* motion. BAN. And old chaine,  
That drawes the city-eares. WAX. When he sayes nothing,  
But twirles it thus. STA. A mouing Oratory !

BAN. Dumb Rethorick, and silent eloquence !  
As the fine Poet saies ! FIT. Come, they all scornew,  
Doe you not see't ? the family of scorne !

BRO. Doe not belieue him ! gentle Master Picklocke,  
They vnderstood you not : the Gentlewomen,  
They thought you would ha' my *Lady* sojourne, with you,  
And you desire but now and then, a visit ?

PIC. Yes, if she pleas'd, Sir, it would much aduance  
Vnto the Office, her continuall residence !

(I speake but as a member) BRO. 'Tis inough,  
I apprehend you. And it shall goe hard,  
But I'll so worke, as some body shall worke her !

PIC. 'pray you change with our Master, but a word about it.

P. IV. Well, Lickfinger, see that our meat be ready,  
Thou haft *xyenes* inough. LIC. Something of Bethlem Gaber,

And then I'm gone. THO. We heare he has deuis'd

A Drumme, to fill all Christendome with the sound :

But that he cannot drawe his forces neere it,

To march yet, for the violence of the noise.

And therefore he is faine by a designe,

To carry 'hem in the ayre, and at some distance,

Till he be married, then they shall appeare.

LIC. Or neuer ; well, God b'wi'you (stay, who's here ?)

Bethlem  
Gabors  
Drum.

A little of the *Duke of Bauier*, and then—

*The Duke of Bauier.*

Cla. H'as taken a gray habit, and is turn'd  
The Churches *Millar*, grinds the catholique grist  
With every wind: and *Tilly* takes the toll.

Cvs. 4. Ha'you any newes q'the *Pageants* to send downe?  
Into the seuerall *Counties*. All the countrey  
Expected from the city most braue speeches,  
Now, at the Coronation. Lic. It expected  
More then it vnderstood: for, they stand mute,  
Poore innocent dumb things; they are but wood.  
As is the bench and blocks, they were wrought on, yet  
If *May-day* come, and the *Sunne* shine, perhaps,  
They'll sing like *Memmons* Statue, and be vocall.

4. *Cvſ.*  
*The Page-*  
*ants.*

Cvs. 5. Ha'you any *Forest-newes*? Tho. None very wild, Sir,  
Some tame there is, out o' the *Forrest* offooles,  
A new *Parke* is a making there, to seuer  
*Cuckolds of Antler*, from the Rascalls. Such,  
Whose wiues are dead, and haue since cast their heads,  
Shall remaine *Cuckolds-pollard*. Lic. I'll ha' that newes.

5. *Craft.*  
*The new*  
*Parke in*  
*the Forrest*  
*of Fools.*

Cvs. 1. And I. 2. And I. 3. And I. 4. And I. 5. And I.  
Cym. Sir, I desire to be excus'd; and, *Madame*:  
I cannot leauue my *Office*, the first day.  
My Cousin *Fitton* here, shall wait vpon you.  
And *Emissary Picklocke*. P. Iv. And *Thom: Clericus*?

*Peny-boy*  
*would invite*  
*the Master*  
*of the Office*

Cym. I cannot spare him yet, but he shall follow you,  
When they haue ordered the *Rolls*. Shut vp th'*Office*,  
When you ha' done, till two a clocke.

### ACT. III. SCENE. III.

#### SHVNFIELD. ALMANACK. MADRIGAL. CLERKES.

By your leaue, *Clerkes*,  
Where shall we dine to day? doe you know? the *Leerers*.

Alm. Where's my fellow *Fitton*? Tho. New gone forth.

Shv. Cannot your *Office* tell vs, what braue fellowes  
Doe eat together to day, in towne, and where?

Tho. Yes, there's a Gentleman, the braue heire, yong *Peny-boy*.  
Dines in *Apollo*. Mad. Come, let's thither then,  
I ha' suppt in *Apollo!* Alm. With the *Muses*? Mad. No,  
But with two Gentlewomen, call'd, the *Graces*. (Sir.

Alm. They were euer three in *Poetry*. Mad. This was truth,

# The STAPLE of NEVVEs.

THO. Sir, Master *Fittion*'s there too! SHV. All the better!

ALM. We may haue a ieere, perhaps. SHV. Yes, you'll drink, (If there be any good meat) as much good wine now, (Doctor. As would lay vp a *Dutch Ambassador*.

THO. If he dine there, he's sure to haue good meat, For, *Lickfinger* prouides the dinner. ALM. Who? The glory o'the Kitchin? that holds *Cookery*, A trade from *Adam*? quotes his *broths*, and *sallads*? And sweares he's not dead yet, but translated In some *immortall crust*, the *past* of *Almonds*?

MAD. The same. He holds no man can be a *Poet*, That is not a good *Cooke*, to know the *palats*, And seuerall *tastes* o'the time. He drawes all *Arts* Out of the *Kitchin*, but the *Art of Poetry*, which he concludes the same with *Cookery*.

SHV. Tut, he maintaines more *heresies* then that. He'll draw the *Magisterium* from a minc'd-pye, And preferre Iellies, to your *Tulips*, Doctor.

ALM. I was at an *Olla Podrida* of his making, Was a braue piece of *cookery*! at a funerall! But opening the pot-lid, he made vs laugh, who'had wept all day! and sent vs such a tickling Into our nostrills, as the funerall feast Had bin a wedding-dinner. SHV. Gi' him allowance, And that but moderate, he will make a *Syren* Sing i'the Kettle, send in an *Arión*, In a braue broth, and of a watry greenē, Lust the Sea-colour, mounted on the backe Of a growne *Cunger*, but, in such a posture, As all the world would take him for a *Dolphin*.

MAD. Hee's a rare fellow, without question! but He holds some *Paradoxes*. ALM. I, and *Pseudodoxes*. Mary, for most, he's *Orthodox* i'the *Kitchin*.

MAD. And knowes the *Clergies* tast! ALM. I, and the *Layties*! SHV. You thinke not o'your time, we'll come too late, If we go not presently. MAD. Away then. SHV. Sirs, You must get o'this *newes*, to store your *Office*, *VVho dines and saps i' the towne?* where, and with whom? 'Twill be beneficall: when you are stor'd, And as we like our fare, we shall reward you.

CLA. A hungry trade, 'twill be. THO. Much like *D.Humphries*, But, now and then, as th'holesome prouerb saies, 'Twill obsonare famem ambulando.

CLA. Shut vp the *Office*: gentle brother *Thomas*.

THO. Brother, *Nathaniel*, I ha'the wine for you. I hope to see vs, one day, *Emissaries*.

CLA. Why not? S'lid, I despaire not to be *Master*!

ACT. III. SCENE. IV.

PENI-BOY. SE. BROKER. CYMBAL.

HOW now? I thinke I was borne vnder Hercules starre!

Nothing but trouble and tumult to oppresse me?

Why come you backe? where is your charge? BRO. I ha' brought  
A Gentleman to speake with you? P. SE. To speake with me?  
You know'tis death for me to speake with any man.

What is he? set me a chaire. BRO. He's the Master  
Of the great Office. P. SE. What? BRO. The Staple of Newes,  
A mighty thing, they talke Six thousand a yeere.

P. SE. Well bring your sixe in. Where ha' you left Pecunia?

BRO. Sir, in Apollo, they are scarce set. P. SE. Bring sixe.

BRO. Here is the Gentleman. P. SE. He must pardon me,  
I cannot rise, a diseas'd man. CYM. By no meanes, Sir,  
Respect your health, and ease. P. SE. It is no pride in me!

But paine, paine; what's your errand, Sir, to me?

Broker, returne to your charge, be Argos-ey'd,  
Awake, to the affaire you haue in hand,  
Scrue in Apollo, but take heed of Bacchus.

Goe on, Sir. CYM. I am come to speake with you.

P. SE. 'Tis paine for me to speake, a very death,  
But I will heare you! CYM. Sir, you haue a Lady,  
That soiournes with you. P. SE. Ha? I am somewhat short  
In my sense too—CYM. Pecunia. P. SE. O' that side,  
Very imperfect, on—CYM. Whom I would draw  
Oftner to a poore Office, I am Master of—

P. SE. My hearing is very dead, you must speake quicker.

CYM. Or, if it please you, Sir, to let her soiourne  
In part with me; I haue a moyety

We will diuide, halfe of the profits. P. SE. Ha?

I heare you better now, how come they in?

Is it a certaine busynesse, or a casuall?

For I am loth to seeke out doubtfull courses,  
Runne any hazardous paths, I loue staight waies,  
A iust, and vpright man! now all trade totters.  
The trade of money, is fall'n, two i'the hundred.

That was a certaine trade, while th' age was thrifty,  
And men good husbands, look'd vnto their stockes,  
Had their mindes bounded; now the publike Riot  
Prostitutes all, scatters away in coaches,  
In foot-mens coates, and waiting womens gownes,  
They must haue veluet hanches (with a pox)

He is parted  
with Bro-  
ker's com-  
ming back.

He sends  
Broker  
backe

He pretends  
infirmitie.

Iee talkes  
chemently  
and aloud.

Is mon'd  
more and  
more.

He is angry.

Bids him  
get one of  
his boſe.

Cymbal  
railes at  
him.  
Heiceres  
him.

Now taken vp, and yet not pay the vſe ;  
Bate of the vſe ? I am mad with this times mānners.

CYM. You ſaid e'en now, it was death for you to ſpeakē.

P. SE. I; but an anger, a iuft anger, (as thiſ is)  
Puts life in man. Who can endure to ſee  
The fury of mens gulletts, and their groines ?  
What fires, what cookes, what kitckins might be ſpar'd ?  
What Stewes, Ponds, Parks, Coupes, Garners, Magazines ?  
What veluets, tiffues, ſcarfes, embroyderies ?  
And laces they might lacke ? They couet things—  
Superfluous ſtill ; when it were much more honour  
They could want neceſſary ! What need hath Nature  
Of ſiluer dishes ? or gold chamber-pots ?  
Of perfum'd napkins ? or a numerouſ family ,  
To ſee her eate ? Poore, and wife ſhe, requires  
Meate onely ; Hunger is not ambitious :  
Say, that you were the *Emperour* of pleaſures,  
The great *Difſator* of fashions, for all *Europe*,  
And had the pompe of all the *Conris*, and *Kingdomes*,  
Laid forth vnto the ſhew ? to make your ſelfe  
Gaz'd, and admir'd at ? You muſt goe to bed,  
And take your naturall reſt : then, all this vaniſheth.  
Your brauery was but ſhowen ; 'twas not poſſeſt :  
While it did boſt it ſelſe, it was then periſhing.

CYM. This man has healthfull lungs. P. SE. All that ex-  
Appear'd as little yours, as the *Spectators*.  
It ſcarce fills vp the expectation  
Of a few houres, that entertaines mens liues.

CYM. He has the *monopoly* of ſole-speaking.  
Why, good Sir ? you talke all. P. SE. Why ſhould I not ?  
Is it not vnder mine owne roofe ? my feeling ?

CYM. But I came hete to talk with you. P. S. Why, an' I will  
Talk with you, Sir ? you are anſwer'd, who ſent for you ?

CYM. Nobody ſent for me—P. S. But you came, why then  
Goe, as you came, heres no man holds you, There,  
There lies your way, you ſee the doore. CYM. This's ſtrange !

P. Se. 'Tis my ciuility, when I doe not rellish  
The party, or his businelle. Pray you be gone, Sir.  
I'll ha' no venter in your *Ship*, the *Office*

Your *Barke* of *Six*, if 'twere *sixteene*, good, Sir.  
CYM. You are a rogue. P. SE. I thinke I am Sir, truly.

CYM. A Rascall, and a *money-bawd*. P. SE. My ſurnames :

CYM. A'wretched Rascall ! P. S. You will overflow—  
And spill all. Cym. Caterpiller, moath,  
Horse-leach, and dung-worme—P. S. Still you lose your labor.  
I am a broken vefsell, all runnes out:

A ſhrunke old *Dryſat*. Fare you well, good *Sixe*.

The third Intermeane after the third Ad.

CENSURE. A notable tough Rascall! this old Peny-boy! right City-bred!

MIRTH. In Siluer-streete, the Region of money, a good seat for a Vsurer.

TATLE. He has rich ingredients in him, I warrant you, if they were extracted, a true receipt to make an Alderman, an' he were well wrought upon, according to Art.

EXP. I would faine see an Alderman in chimia! that is a treatise of Aldermanity truely written.

CEN. To shew how much it differs from Vrbanity.

MIRTH. I, or humanity. Either would appeare in this Peny-boy, an' hee were rigbly distill'd. But how like you the newes? you are gone from that.

CEN. O, they are monstrosus! scurvy! and stale! and too exotick! ill cook'd! and ill dish'd!

EXP. They were as good, yet, as butter could make them!

TAT. In a word, they were beastly buttered! he shall never come o' my bread more, nor my mousontb, if I can helpe it. I have had better newes from the bake-house, by ten thousand parts, in a morning: or the conduict in Westminster! all the newes of Tutle-street, and both the Alm'ries! the two Sanctuaries long, and round Wool-staple! with Kings-street, and Chanon-row to boot!

MIRTH. I, my Gossip Tatle knew what fine slips grew in Gardiners-lane; who kist the Butchers wife with the Coves-breath; what matches were made in the bowling-Alley, and what bettes wonne and lost; how much grieft went to the Mill and what besides: who coniur'd in Tutle-fields, and how many? when they never came there. And which Boy rode upon Doctor Lambe in the likenesse of a roaring Lyon, that runne away with him in his teeth, and ha's not deuour'd him yet.

TAT. Why, I had it from my maid Ioane Heare-say: and shee had it from a limbe o'the schoole, shee saies, a little limbe of nine yeere old; who told her, the Master left out his coniuring booke one day, and hee found it, and so the Fable came about. But whether it were true, or no, we Gossips are bound to beleue it; can't be once out, and a foot: how should wee entertaine the time else, or finde our selues in fashionable discourse; for all companies, if we do not credit all, and make more of it, in the reporting?

CEN. For my part, I beleue it: and there were no wiser then I, I would haue ne'er a cunning Schoole-Master in England. I meane a Cuning-Man, a Schoole-Master; that is a Coniurour, or a Poet, or that had any acquaintance with a Poet. They make all their schollers Play-boyes! Is't not a fine sight, to see all our children made Enter-luders? Doe wee pay our money for this? wee send them to learne their

Grammar, and their Terence, and they learne their play-books? well, they talke, we shall have no more Parliaments (God blesse vs) but an' wee haue, I hope, Zeale-of-the-land Buzy, and my Gossip, Rabby Trouble-truth will start vp, and see we shall haue painfull good Ministers to keepe Schoole, and Catechise our youth, and not teach 'hem to speake Playes, and all Fables of falseneses, in this manner; to the super-nexation of Towne and Countrey, with a wanion.



### ACT. III. SCENE. I.

PENY-BOY. IV. FITTON. SHVNFIELD.  
ALMANACK. MADRIGAL, CANTER. PICKLOCKE.



Ome, Gentlemen, let's breath from' healtbs a while.  
This *Lickfinger* has made vs a good dinner,  
For our *Pecunia*: what shal's doe with our selues,  
While the women water? and the *Fiddlers* eat?

FIT. Let's ieere a little. P.IV. Ieere? what's that? SHV. EX-  
ALM. We first begin with our selues, & then at you, (peet, S.  
SHV. A game we vse. MAD. We ieere all kind of persons  
We meete withall, of any rancke or quality,  
And if we cannot ieere them, we ieere our selues:

P.CA. A pretty sweete society! and a grataefull!  
PIC. 'Pray let's see some. SHV. Haue at you, then *Lawyer*.  
They say, there was one of your coate in *Ber'lem*, lately;  
ALM. I wonder all his *Clients* were not there.  
MAD. They were the madder sort. PIC. Except, Sir, one  
Like you, and he made verses. FIT. *Madrigall*,  
A ieere. MAD. I know. SHV. But what did you doc, *Lawyer*?  
When you made loue to *Mistresse Band*, at dinner.

MAD. Why? of an Aduocate, he grew the *Clyent*. (nature  
P. IV. Well play'd, my *Poet*. MAD. And shew'd the *Law* of  
Was there aboue the *Common-Law*. SHV. Quit, quit,

P. IV. Call you this ieering? I can play at this,  
'Tis like a *Ball* at *Tennis*. FIT. Very like,  
But we were not well in. ALM. 'Tis indeed, Sir.  
When we doe speake at volley, all the ill  
We can one of another. SHV. As this morning,  
(I would you had heard vs) of the Rogue your *Vnkle*.

ALM That *Mony band*. MAD. We call'd him a *Coat-card*  
O'the last order. P. IV. What's that? a *Knaue*?

MAD. Some readings haue it so, *my manuscript*  
Doth speake it, "arlet. P. CA. And your selfe a *Foole*  
O'the first ranke, and one shall haue the leading  
O'the right-hand file, vnder this braue Commander.

P. IV. What faist thou, *Canter*? P. CA. Sir, I say this is  
A very wholesome exercise, and comely.  
Like Lepers, shewing one another their scabs.  
Or flies feeding on vlcers. P. IV. What *Newes* Gentlemen?  
Ha' you any newes for after dinner? me thinks  
We should not spend our time unprofitably.

P. CA. They neuer lie, Sir, betweene meales, 'gainst supper  
You may haue a *Bale* or two brought in. FIT. This *Canter*,  
Is an old envious Knaue! ALM. A very Rascall!

FIT. I ha'mark'd him at this meale, he has done nothing  
But mocke, with scuruy faces, all wee said,

ALM. A supercilious Rogue! he lookes as if  
He were the *Patrico*—MAD. Or *Arch-priest o'Canters*,

SHV. Hee's some *primate metropolitan* Rascall,  
Our shot-clog makes so much of him. ALM. The *Law*,  
And he does gouerne him P. IV. What say you, Gentlemen?

FIT. We say, we wonder not, your man o' *Law*,  
Should be so gracious wi'you; but how it comes,  
This Rogue, this *Canter*! P. IV. O, good words. FIT. A fellow  
That speaks no language—ALM. But what gingling *Gipfies*,  
And *Pedlers* trade in—FIT. And no honest *Christian*  
Can understand—P. CA. Why? by that argument,  
You all are *Canters*, you, and you, and you,  
All the whole world are *Canters*, I will proue it  
In your *professions*. P. IV. I would faine heare this,  
But stay, my *Princesse* comes, prouide the while,  
I'll call for tanone. How fares your *Grace*?

He speaks  
to all the  
leerers.

## ACT. IIII. SCENE. II.

LICKFINGER. PECVNIA. STATVTE.  
BAND. VVAXE. {to them.

**Lickfinger**  
*is challeng'd  
by Madrigal  
of an argu-  
ment.*

I hope the fare was good. PEC. Yes, Lickfinger,  
And we shall thanke you for't and reward you.

MAD. Nay, I'll not lose my argument, *Lickfinger* ;  
Before these Gentlemen, I affirme,  
The perfect; and true straine of poetry,  
Is rather to be giuen the quicke *Celler*,  
Then the fat *Kitchin*. LIC. *Heretique*, I see  
Thou art for the vaine *Oracle* of the *Bottle*.  
The hogshead, *Trismegistus*, is thy *Pegasus*.  
Thence flowes thy *Muses* spring, from that hard hoofe :  
Seduced Poet, I doe say to thee,  
A Boyler, Range, and Dresser were the *Fountaines*,  
Of all the knowledge in the *uniuerse*.  
And they're the *Kitchens*, where the *Master-Cooke*—  
(Thou dost not know the man, nor canst thou know him ;  
Till thou hast seru'd some yeeres in that deepe schoole,  
That's both the *Nurse* and *Mother* of the *Arts*,  
And hear'st him read, interpret, and demonstrate !)  
A *Master-Cooke* ! Why, he's the *man o' men*,  
For a *Professor* ! he designes, he drawes,  
He paints, he carues, he builds, he fortifies,  
Makes *Citadels* of curious fowle and fish,  
Some he *dri-dishes*, some *motes* found with *broths* :  
Mounts *marrowbones*, cuts *fifti angled custards*,  
Reares *bulwark pies*, and for his *outerworkes*  
He raiseth *Ramparts* of immortall *crust* ;  
And teacheth all the *Tatlicks*, at one dinner :  
What *Rankes*, what *Files*, to put his dishes in ;  
The whole *Art Military*. Then he knowes,  
The influence of the *Starres* vpon his meats,  
And all their seasons, tempers, qualities,  
And so to fit his relishes, and sauces,  
He has *Nature* in a pot, 'boue all the *Chymists*,  
Or airy bretheren of the *Rosie-crosse*.  
He is an *Architect*, an *Inziner*,  
A *Souldionr*, a *Physician*, a *Philosopher*,  
A generall *Mathematician*. MAD. It is granted.

LIC. And that you may not doubt him, for a Poet—

ALM. This fury shewes, if there were nothing else !  
And 'tis diuine ! I shall for euer hereafter,

Admire the wisedome of a Cooke ! BAN. And we, Sir !

P. IV. O, how my Princesse drawes me, with her lookes,  
And hales me in, as eddies draw in boats,  
Or strong Charybdis ships, that saile too neere  
The shelues of Love ! The tydes of your two eycs !

Wind of your breath, are such as sucke in all,

That doe approach you ! PEC. Who hath chang'd my feruant ?

P. IV. Your selfe, who drinke my blood vp with your beames,  
As doth the Sunne, the Sea ! Pecunia shines  
More in the world then he : and makes it Spring  
Where e'r she fauours ! 'please her but to show  
Her melting wrests, or bare her yuorie hands,  
She catches still ! her smiles they are Love's fettters !  
Her brests his apples ! her teats Strawberries !  
Where Cupid (were he present now) would cry  
Fare well my mothers milke, here's sweeter Nectar !  
Helpe me to praise Pecunia, Gentlemen :

She's your Princesse, lend your wits, FIT. A Lady,  
The Graces taught to moue ! ALM. The Horres did nurse !

FIT. Whose lips are the instructions of all Lovers !

ALM. Her eyes their lights, and riualls to the Starres !

FIT. A voyce, as if that Harmony still spake !

ALM. And polish'd skinne, whiter then Venus foote !

FIT. Young Hebes necke, or Juno's armes ! ALM. A haire,  
Large as the Mornings, and her breath as sweete,  
As meddowes after raine, and but new mowne !

FIT. Leda might yeeld vnto her, for a face !

ALM. Hermione for brests ! FIT. Flora, for cheeke !

ALM. And Helen for a mouth ! P. IV. Kisse, kisse 'hem, Princesse.

FIT. The pearle doth striue in whitenesse, with her necke,

ALM. But loseth by it : here the Snow thawes Snow,

One frost resolues another ! FIT. O, she has

A front too slippery to be look't vpon !

ALM. And glances that beguile the seers eyes !

P. IV. Kisse, kisse againe, what saies my man o' warre ?

SHV. I say, she's more, then Fame can promise of her.

A Theame, that's overcome with her owne matter !

Praise is strucke blind, and deafe, and dumbe with her !

Shee doth astonish Commendation !

P. IV. Well pump't i'faith old Sailor : kisse 'im too :

Though he be a slugge. What saies my Poet-sucker !

He's chewing his Muses cudde, I doe see by him.

MAD. I haue almost done, I want but e'ne to finish.

FIT. That's the ill luck of all his workes still. P. IV. What ?

Peny-boy  
is courting  
his Prin-  
cess all  
the while.

They all be-  
gimes the  
encomiums of  
Pecunia.

She kiseth  
them.

Again.

She kiseth  
Captaine  
Shunfield.

FIT. To beginne many works, but finish none ;  
P. IV. How does he do his Mistresse work ? FIT. Imperfект.

ALM. I cannot thinke he finisheth that. P. IV. Let's heare.

MAD. It is a *Madrigall*, I affect that kind

Of *Poets*, much. P. IV. And thence you ha' the name.

FIT. It is his *Rose*. He can make nothing else

MAD. I made it to the *tune* the *Fidlers* play'd,

That we all lik'd so well. P. IV. Good, read it, read it.

MAD. The *Sunne* is father of all mettalls, you know,  
Silver, and gold. P. IV. I leaue your *Prologues*, say !

### SONG.

**MADRIGAL.** As bright as is the Sunne her Sire,  
Or Earth her mother, in her best atyre,  
Or Mint, the Mid-wife, with her fire,  
Comes forth her Grace ! { P. IV. That Mint the

The splendour of the wealthiest Mines ! } Midwife does well.

The stamp, and strength of all imperiall lines,

Both maiesty and beauty shines,

In her sweet face ! }

{ FIT. That's fairely

said of Money.

Looke how a Torch, of Taper lights,

Or of that Torches flame, a Beacon bright ; } P. IV. Good :

MAD. Now there, I want a line to finish, Sir.

P. IV. Or of that Beacons fire, Moone-light :

MAD. So takes she place ! }

[FIT. 'Tis good.

And then I haue a Saraband —

She makes good cheare, she keepes full boards,

She holds a Faire of Knights, and Lords,

A Mercat of all Offices,

And Shops of honour, more or lesse.

According to Pecunia's Grace,

The Bride hath beautey, blood, and place,

The Bridegrome vertue, valour, wit,

And wischedome, as he stands for it.

PIC. Call in the *Fidlers*. Nicke, the boy shall sing it,

Sweet *Princess*, kisse him, kisse hem all, deare *Madame*,

And at the close, vouchsafe to call them *Cousins*.

PEC. Sweet *Cousin Madrigall*, and *Cousin Fiston*,

My *Cousin Shunfield*, and my learned *Cousin*.

P.CA. Al-manack, though they call him *Almanack*.

P. IV. Why, here's the *Prodigall* prostitutes his *Mistresse* !

P. IV. And *Picklocke*, he must be a kinsman too.

My man o' Law will teach vs all to winne,

And keepe our owne Old *Founder*. P. CA. Nothing, I Sir ?

I am a wretch, a begger. She the fortunate.

He urgib  
her to kisse  
them all.

Can want no kindred, wee, the *poore* know none.

FIT. Nor none shall know, by my consent. ALM. Normine,  
P.IV. Sing, boy, stand here. P.CA. Look, look, how all their  
Dance i'their heads (obserue) scatter'd with lust!  
At sight o' their braue *Doll!* how they are tickl'd,  
With a light ayre! the bawdy *Saraband!*

*The boy  
sings the  
song.*

They are a kinde of dancing engines all!  
And set, by nature, thus, to runne alone  
To euery sound! All things within, without them,  
Move, but their braine, and that stands still! mere monsters  
Here, in a chamber, of most subtil feet!  
And make their legs in tune, passing the streetes!  
These are the gallant spirits o'the age!  
The miracles o'the time! that can cry vp  
And downe mens wits! and set what rate on things  
Their half-brain'd fancies please! Now pox vpon hem.  
See how solicitously he learnes the *Ligge*,  
As if it were a mystery of his faith!

SHV. A dainty ditty! FIT. O, hee's a dainty *Poet*!  
When he sets to t'! P.IV. And a dainty *Scholler*!  
ALM. No, no great *Scholler*, he writes like a *Gentleman*.  
SHV. Pox o' your *Scholler*. P.CA. Pox o'your distinction!  
As if a *Scholler* were no *Gentleman*.

*They are all  
struck with  
admiration.*

With these, to write like a *Gentleman*, will in time  
Become, all one, as to write like an *Aff*,  
These *Centlemen*? these Rascalls! I am sick  
Of indignation at 'em. P.IV. How doe you lik't, Sir?

FIT. 'Tis excellent! ALM. 'Twas excellently sung!  
FIT. A dainty *Ayre*! P.IV. What saies my *Lickfinger*?

LIC. I am telling *Mistresse Band*, and *Mistresse Statute*,  
What a braue *Centelman* you are, and *waxe*, here!  
How much twere better, that my *Ladies Grace*,

Would here take vp Sir, and keepe house with you.

P.IV. What say they? STA. We could consent, Sir, willingly.

BAND. I, if we knew her *Grace* had the least liking.

WAX. We must obey her *Graces* will, and pleasure.

P.IV. I thanke you, *Gentleman*, ply 'em, *Lickfinger*.  
Giue mother *Mortgage*, there—LIC. Her doze of Sacke.

I haue it for her, and her distance of *Hum*.

PEC. Indeede therein, I must confess, deare *Cousin*,  
I am a most vnfortunate *Princess*. ALM. And  
You still will be so, when your *Grace* may helpe it.

*The Gallants  
are all about  
Pecunia.*

MAD. Who'l lie in a roomie, with a close-stoole, and garlick?  
And kennell with his dogges? that had a *Prince*  
Like this young *Peny-boy*, to sojourne with?

SHV. He'll let you ha' your liberty—ALM. Goe forth,  
Whither you please, and to what company—

MAD. Scatter your selfe amongst vs — P.IV. Hope of *Pernesius!*  
 Thy *Iuy* shall not wither, nor thy *Bayes*,  
 Thou shalt be had into her *Graces Cellar*,  
 And there know Sacke, and Claret, all *December*,  
 Thy veine is rich, and we must cherish it.  
*Poets* and Bees swarne now adaiers, but yet  
 There are not those good Tauernes, for the one sort,  
 As there are Flowrie fields to feed the other.  
 Though Bees be pleas'd with dew, aske little *waxe*  
 That brings the honey to her *Ladys* hiue:  
 The *Poet* must haue wine. And he shall haue it.

## ACT. IIII. SCENE. IIJ.

PENI-BOY. SE. PENY-BOY. IV.  
LICKFINGER. &c.

BROKER? what *Broker*? P.IV. Who's that? my Uncle!  
 P.S.E. I am abus'd, where is my Knaue? my *Broker*?  
 L.I.C. Your *Broker* is laid out vpon a bench, yonder,  
 Sacke hath seaz'd on him, in the shape of sleepe.

P.I.C. Hee hath beene dead to vs almost this houfe.  
 P.S.E. This houre? P.C.A. Why sigh you Sr? 'cause he's at rest?  
 P.S.E. It breeds my vnrest. L.I.C. Will you take a cup  
 And try if you can sleepe? P.S.E. No, cogging *Jacke*,  
 Thou and thy cups too, perish. S.H.V. O, the Sacke!

MAD. The sacke, the sacke! P.C.A. A *Madrigall* on Sacke!  
 P.I.C. Or rather an *Elegy*, for the Sacke is gone.  
 P.E.C. VVhy doe you this, Sir? spill the wine, and rauie?  
 For *Brokers* sleeping? P.S.E. VVhat through sleepe, and Sacke,  
 My trust is wrong'd: but I am still awake,  
 To waite vpon your *Grace*, please you to quit  
 This strange lewd company, they are not for you.

P.E.C. No *Guardian*, I doe like them very well.  
 P.S.E. Your *Graces* pleasure be obseru'd, but you  
 Statute, and Band, and *Waxe*, will goe with me.

S.A.T. Truly we will not. B.A.N. VVe will stay, and wait here  
 Vpon her *Grace*, and this your *Noble Kinsman*.

P.S.E. Noble? how noble! who hath made him noble?  
 P.IV. VVhy, my most noble money hath, or shall,  
 My *Princesse*, here. She that had you but kept,  
 And treated kindly, would haue made you *noble*,  
 And wise, too: nay, perhaps haue done that for you,  
 An *Act of Parliamens* could not, made you *honest*.

He strikes  
the Sacke  
out of his  
band.

He would  
have Pecu-  
nia borne.  
But shee  
refuseth.  
Another  
Traine.

The truth is, Vnkle, that her Grace dislikes  
Her entertainment: specially her lodging.

PEC. Nay, say her iatile. Never ~~unfortunate~~ Princeſſe,  
Was vs'd ſo by a Taylor. Aske my women,  
*Band*, you can tell, and ſtowre, how he haſe vs'd me,  
Kept me cloſe prisoner, vnder twenty bolts—

STA. And foſty padlocks—BAN. All malicious ingines  
A wicked Smith could forge out of his iron:  
As locks, and keyes, shackles, and manacles,  
To torture a great Lady. STA. H'has abuſ'd  
Your Graces body. PEC. No, he would ha' done,  
That lay not in his power: he had the vſe  
Of our bodies, *Band*, and *Waxe*, and ſometimes *Statutes*:  
But once he would ha' ſmother'd me in a cheſt,  
And strangl'd me in leather, but that you  
Came to my rescue, then, and gaue mee ayre.

STA. For which he cramp'd vs vp in a cloſe boxe,  
All three together, where we ſaw no ſunne  
In one ſixt moneths. WAX. A cruell man he is!

BAN. H'has left my fellow *Waxe* out, i'the cold,

STA. Till ſhe was ſtiffe, as any frost, and crumbl'd  
Away to duff, and almoſt loſt her forme.

WAX. Much adoe to recover me. P. SE. Women Jeerers?  
Haue you learn'd too, the ſubtill facultie?  
Come, I'll ſhew you the way home, if drinke,  
Or, too full diet haue diſguis'd you. BAN. Troth,  
We haue not any mind, Sir, of returne—

STA. To be bound back to backe—BAN. And haue our legs  
Turn'd in, or writh'd about—WAX. Or elſe display'd—

STA. Be lodg'd with duff and fleas, as we were wont—

BAN. And dyed with dogs dung. P. SE. Why? you whores,  
My bawds, my instruments, what ſhould I call you,  
Man may thinke base inough for you? P. IV. Heare you, vngle.  
I muſt not hearre this of my Princeſſe ſervants,  
And in *Apollo*, in *Pecorne's* roome,  
Goe, get you downe the ſtaies: Home, to your Kennell,  
As ſwiftly as you can. Consult your dogges,  
The *Lares* of your family; or beleeue it,  
The fury of a foote-man, and a drawer  
Hangs ouer you. SHV. Cudgell, and pot doe threaten  
A kinde of vengeance. MAD. Barbers are at hand.

ALM. Washing and ſhaving will enſue. FIT. The Pump  
Is not farre off; If't were, the ſinke is neere:

O a good Iordan. MAD. You haue now no ~~money~~,

SHV. But are a Rascall. P. SE. I am cheated, robb'd  
Jeir'd by confederacy. FIT. No, you are kick'd  
And uſed kindly, as you ſhould be. SHV. Spurn'd;

*They all  
threaten,*

*And ſpare  
him.*

# The STAPLE of NEVVES.

From all commerce of men, who are a cutre.

ALM. A stinking dogge, in a dublet, with soule linnen.

MAD. A snarling Rascall, hence. SHV. Out. P. SE. Wel, re-  
I am coozen'd by my Cousin, and his whore ! (member,  
Bane o'these meetings in Apollo ! LIC. Goe, Sir,  
You will be tost like Black, in a blanket else.

P. IV. Downe with him, Lickfinger. P. SE. Saucy Jacke away,  
Pecunia is a whore. P. IV. Play him downe, Fidlers,  
And drown his noise. WHO'S THIS! FIT. O Master Pyed-mantle!

## ACT.IIIJ. SCENE.IV.

Pyed-Mantle. (to them.)

BY your leave, Gentlemen. FIT. Her Graces Herald,  
ALM. No Herald yet, a Heralder. P. IV. What's that?  
P. CA. A Cather. P. IV. O, thou said'st thou'dst sproue vs all  
P. CA. Sir, here is one will proue himselfe so, streight; (so!)  
So shall the rest, in time. P. CA. My Pedigree?  
I tell you, friend, he must be a good Scholler,  
Can my discens. I am of Princely race,  
And as good blood, as any is i'the mines,  
Runnes through my veines. I am, every limb, a Princeffe!  
Duchesse o' mines, was my great Grandmother.  
And by the Fathers side, I come from Sol.  
My Grand-father was Duke of Or, and match'd  
In the blood-royall of Opbyr. PYE. Here's his Coat.

PEC. I know it, if I heare the Blazon. PYE. He beares  
In a field Azure, a Sunne proper, beaury,  
Twelue of the second. P. CA. How farr's this from canting?

P. IV. Her Grace doth vnderstand ti. P. CA. She can cant, Sir.

PEC. What be these? Besants? PYE. Yes, an't please your Grace.

PEC. That is our Coat too, as we come from Or.  
What line's this? PYE. The rich mynes of Potosi.  
The Spanish mynes i'the West-Indies. PEC. This?

PYE. The mynes o' Hungary, this of Barbary.

PEC. But this, this little branch. PEC. The Welsh-myne that.

PEC. I ha' Welsh-blood in me too, blaze, Sir, that Coat.

PYE. She beares (an't please you) Argens, three leckes vert  
In Canson Or, and tassel'd of the first.

P. CA. Is not this canting? doe you vnderstand him?

P. IV. Not I, but it sounds well, and the whole thing  
Is rarely painted, I will haue such a sorowle,

What ere it cost me. P.C. Well, at better leisure,  
We'll take a view of it, and so reward you.

P.IV. Kisse him, sweet *Princesse*, and stile him a *Cousin*.

P.C. I will, if you will have it. *Cousin Pyed-mawle*.

P.IV. I loue all men of vertue, from my *Princesse*,  
Unto my bigger, here, old *Canter*, on,

*She kiseth.*

On to thy proose, whom proue you the next *Canter*?

P.C. The *Doctor* here, I will proceed with the learned,  
When he discourses of *dissection*,

Or any point of *Anatomy*: that hee tells you,  
Of *Vena cava*, and of *vena porta*,

The *Esferasick*, and the *Mefanterium*.

What does hee else but *canc*? Or, if he runne

To his *Judicall Astrologie*, And trowle the *Trine*, the *Quartile* and the *Sextile*,

*Platicke aspect*, and *Partile*, with his *Hyleg*,

Or *Alchochoden*, *Cuppes*, and *Horoscope*.

Does not he *canc*? Who here does understand him? (Master

A.L.M. This is no *Canter*, tho! P.C. Or when my Master-

Talkes of his *Tacticks*, and his *Rankes*, and *Files*;

His *Bringers* vp, his *Leaders* on, and *cries*,

Faces about to the right band, the left,

Now, as you were: then tells you of *Redundis*,

Of *Cars*, and *Cortises*. Dost not he *canc*? P.IV. Yes, 'faith.

P.C. My Eg-child *Lewient*, here, when he comes forth.

With *Dinotars*, and *Triadlers*, *Tetravatlers*,

*Pentameters*, *Hexameters*, *Catalecticks*,

His *Hyper*, and his *Brabby-Catalecticks*,

His *Pyrrhichs*, *Epitrites*, and *Gheriarbicks*.

What is all this, but *cassing*? M.A.D. A rate fellow!

SHV. Some begging *Scholler*! FIT. A decay'd *Doctor* at least!

P.IV. Nay, I doe cherish vertue, though in rags.

P.C. And you, *Mas Courtier*? P.IV. Now he treats of you,

Stand forth to him, faire. P.C. Withall your *fly-blowne projects*,

And looke's out of the *polricks*, your *shut-faces*,

And reseru'd *Questions*, and *Answers* that you game with, As

Is't a cleare busynesse? will it manage well?

*My name must not be vs'd else*. Here, 'twill dash.

Your busynesse has receiv'd a taunt, giue off,

I may not profit use my selfe. Tur, tut,

That little dust I can blow off, at pleasure.

Here's no such mountaine, yet, 's the whole worke!

But a light purse may befull. I will tyde

This affayre for you; giue it, fricht, and passage.

And such *wynt-phrase*, as 'tis the worst of *cassing*,

By how much it affects the *sense*, it has not.

him?

FIT. This is some other then he seemes! P.IV. How like you

FIR. This cannot be a *Canter!* P.IV. But be it, Sir,  
And shall be still, and so shall you be too:  
We'll all be *Canters*. Now, I thinke of it,  
A noble *Whimsey's* come into my braine!  
I'll build a *Colledge*, I, and my *Pecunia*,  
And call it *Canters Colledge*, sounds it well?

ALM. Excellent! P.IV. And here stands my *Fisher Bedf*,  
And you *Professors*, you shall all *professe*  
Something, and liue there, with her *Grace* and me,  
Your *Founders*: I'll endow't with lands, and meanes,  
And *Lickfinger* shall be my *Master-Cooke*.  
What? is he gone? P.CA. And a *Proffessor*? P.IV. Yes.

P.CA. And read *Aplins de re culinaria*  
To your braue *Doxia*, and you! P.IV. You, *Confite Ritter*,  
Shall (as a *Courtier*) read the *polisticks*;  
*Doctor Al-manack*, hee shall read *Astrology*,  
*Shanfield* shall read the *Military Arts*.

P.CA. As caruing, and assaulting the cold custard.

P.IV. And *Horace* here, the *Art of Poetry*.  
His *Lyrics*, and his *Madrigalls*, fine *Songs*,  
Which we will haue at dinner, steepin claret,  
And against supper, sowc't in sache. MAD. In troth  
A diuine *Whimsey*! SHV. And a worthy worke,  
Fit for a *Chronicle*! P.IV. Is't not? SHV. To alliares.

P.IV. And *Pyed-mante*, shall give vs all our *Armes*,  
But *Picklocke*, what wouldst thou be? Thou canst come too.

PIC. In all the languages in *Westminster-Hall*,  
*Pleas*, *Bench*, or *Chancery*. *Fee-Farmes*, *Fee-Tayle*,  
*Tennant in dower*, *At will*, *For Terms of life*,  
By *Copy of Court Roll*, *Knight's service*, *Homage*,  
*Fealty*, *Escage*, *Socage*, or *Frank almoign*,  
*Grand Sergeanty*, or *Burgage*. P.IV. Thou appear'st,  
Keit if yo' a *Cancer*. Thou shalt read  
All *Littletons tenures* to me, and indeed  
All my *Conveyances*. PIC. And make 'hem too, Sir?  
Keepe all your *Courts*, be *Steward* o'your lands,  
Let all your *Leases*, keepe your *Evidences*,  
But first, I must procure, and passe your *mort-maine*  
You must haue licence from aboue, Sir. P.IV. Feare not,  
*Pecunia's* friends shall doe it. P.CA. But I shall stop it.  
Your worships louing, and *obediens* father,  
Your painfull *Steward*, and lost *Officer*!  
Who haue done this, to try how you would vse  
*Pecunia*, when you had her: which since I see,  
I will take home the *Lady*, to my charge,  
And these her *seruants*, and leaue you my *Cloak*,  
To trauell in to *Beggars Bush*! A *Scare*,

Canters-  
Colledge,  
begun to be  
erected.

That's Ma-  
drigall.

Here his fa-  
ther dis-  
covers him-  
selfe.

Is built already, furnish'd too, worth twentie  
Of your imagin'd structures, *Cancers Colledge*.

FIT. 'Tis his Father! MAD. Hee's aliue, me thinks.

ALM. I knew he was no Rogue! P.CA. Thou, *Prodigall*,  
Was I so carefull for thee, to procure,

And plot wi' my learn'd *Counsell*, Master *Picklocke*,  
This noble match for thee, and dost thou prostitute,  
Scatter thy *Mistresse* fauours, throw away

Her bounties, as they were red-burning coales,

Too hot for thee to handle, on such rascalls?

Who are the scumme, and excrements of men?

If thou had st fought out good, and vertuous persons  
Of these professions: I had lou'd thee, and them.

For these shall neuer haue that plea 'gainst me,  
Or colour of aduantage, that I hate

Their callings, but their manners, and their vices.

A worthy *Courtier*, is the ornamant

Of a Kings Palace, his great Masters honour.

This is a moth, a rascall, a Court-rat,

That gnawes the common-wealthe with broking suits,

And eating grieuances! So, a true Soldier,

He is his Countryes strenges, his Soveraignes safety,

And to secure his peace, he makes himselfe.

The bexe of danger, nay the shielde of it,

And runnes those vertuous hazards, that this Scarre-crow

Cannot endure to heare of. SAV. You are pleasant, Sir.

P.CA. With you I dare be! Here is *Pyed-mantle*,

'Cause he's an *Aife*, doe not I loue a Herald?

Who is the pure preseruer of descentes,

The keeper faire of all *Nobility*,

Without which all would runne into confusion?

Were he a learned Herald, I would tell him

He can giue *Armes*, and markes, he cannot honour,

No more then money can make *Noble*: It may

Giue place, and ranke, but it can giue no *Virtue*.

And he would thanke me, for this truth. This dog-Leach,

You stile him *Doctor*, 'cause he can compile

An *Almanack*; perhaps eract a *Scheme*

For my great *Madams* monkey: when 't has ta'ne

A glister, and bewraid the *Ephemerides*.

Doe I despise a learn'd *Physician*?

In calling him a *Quick-Saluer*? or blast

The ever-living glir land, alwaies greene

Of a good *Poet*? when I say his *wreath*

Is picc'd and patch'd of dirty witherd flowers?

Away, I am impatient of these vlcers,

(That I not call you worse) There is no sore,

Hee points  
him to his  
patch'd  
cloake  
et brouns  
off.

Or Plague but you to infect the times, I abhorre  
Your very scent. Come, Lady, since my Pradigall  
Knew not to entertaine you to your worth,  
I'll see if I haue learn'd how to receive you,  
With more respect to you, and your faire trainchere.  
Farewell my Begger in velvets, for to day,  
To morrow you may put on that grane Robe,  
And enter your great worke of Camers Colledge,  
Your worke and worthy of a Chronicle,

### The fourth Intermeane after the fourth Act.

TATLE. Why? This was the worst of all! the Catastrophe!

CEN. The matter began to be good, but now: and he has stoyt all  
all, with his Begger there!

MIRT. A beggerly lacke it is, I warrant him, and a kin to the  
Poet.

TAT. Like enough, for hee had the chieffest part in his play, if you  
marke it.

EXP. Absurdity on him, for a huge ouergroonne Play-maker! why  
should he make him live againe, when they, and we all thought him dead?  
If he had left him to his rigges, there had beeene an end of him.

TAT. I, but ses a beggar on horse-backe, he'll never linne till hee be  
agallop.

CEN. The young heire grew a fine Gentleman, in this last ACT!

EXP. So he did, Gossip: and keps the best company.

CEN. And feasted 'hem, and his Mistresse!

TAT. And shew'd her to 'hem all! was not icelous?

MIRTH. But very conununicatiue, and liberall, and beganne to be  
magnificent, if the churle his father would bane let him alone.

CEN. It was spisefullly done o' the Poet, to make the Chuffe take him  
off in his heighth, when he was going to doe all his brainte deedes!

EXP. To found an Academy!

TAT. Erect a Colledge!

EXP. Plant his Professors, and water his Lectures.

MIRTH. With wine, gossips, as he means to doe, and then to do  
fraud his purposes?

EXP. Kill the hopes of so many cowardly young spirits?

TAT. As the Doctors?

CEN. And the Courtiers! I protest, I was in loue with Master  
Fitton. He did weare all he had, from the hat-band, to the shoe-tye, so  
politically, and would stoop, and leere?

MIRTH. And lie so, in warte for a piece of me, like a Mouse-  
trap?

EXP. Indeed Gossip, so would the little Doctor, all his behaviour was  
meere glister! O' my conscience, hee would make any parties physick  
in the world worke, with his discourse.

MIR. I wonder they would suffer it, a foolish old fornicating Father,  
to ranish away his sonnes Mistresse.

CEN. And all her women, at once, as hee did!

TAT. I would ha' flyen in his gypsies face i' faith.

MIRTH. It was a plaine piece of politicall incest, and worthy to be  
brought afor the high Commission of wt. Suppose we were to censure  
him, you are the youngest voix, Gossip Tatle, beginne.

TATLE. Mary, I would ha' the old conicatcher wozen'd of all he  
has; & the young heires defence, by his learn'd Counsell, Mr Picklocke!

CENSURE. I would rather the Courtier had found out some tricke  
to begge him, from his estate!

EXP. Or the Captaine had courage enough to beat him.

CEN. Or the fine Madrigall-man, in rime, to have runne him out o'  
the Country, like an Irish rat.

TAT. Ne, I would haue Master Pyed-mantle, her Graces He-  
rald, to pluck downe his hatchments, reverse his coat-armour, and unliffe him for no Gentleman.

EXP. Nay, then let Master Doctor dissect him, haue him open'd, and  
his stripes translated to Luck-finger, another protestation draf't.

CEN. TAT. Agreed! Agreed!

MIRTH. Faith I would haue him flat disinheritred, by a decree of  
Court, bound to make restitution of the Lady Pecunia, and the use of her  
body to his sonne.

EXP. And her traine, to the Gentlemen.

CEN. And both the Poet, and himselfe, to aske them all forgiuenesse!

TAT. And vs too.

CEN. In two large sheetees of paper.—

EXP. Or to stand in a skin of parchment, (which the Court please)

CEN. And those fill'd with newes!

MIRTH. And dedicated to the softaining of the Staple!

EXP. Which their Poet haue les fall, most abruptly?

MIRTH. Baackruptly, indeede!

CEN. Tousey wittily, Gossip, and therefore les a protest goes out a-  
gainst him.

MIR. A mourniuall of protests; or a gleeke at least!

EXP. In all our names:

CEN. For a decay'd wt.

EXP. Broken—

TAT. Non-solvent—

CENSURE. And for ever, forfeit—

MIRTH. To scorne, of Mirth?

CEN. Censure!

EXP. Expectation!

TAT. Subsign'd. Tatle, stay, they come againe.



## ACT. V. SCENE. I.

PENY-BOY. I.v. { to him THO. BARBER.  
{ after, PICKLOCKE.

Hee comes  
out in the  
patch'd cloake,  
his father  
left him.



Ay, they are fit, as they had been made for me,  
And I am now a thing, worth looking at!  
The same, I said I would be in the morning.  
No Rogue, at a Comitia of the Camers,  
Did euer there become his Parents Robes  
Better, then I do these: great foole! and begger!

Why doe not all that are of those societies,  
Come forth, and gratulate mee one of theirs?  
Me thinkes, I should be, on euery side, saluted,  
*Darphin of beggers! Prince of Prodigalls!*  
That haue so fall'n vnder the eares, and eyes,  
And tongues of all, the fable o'the time,  
Matter of scorne, and marke of reprehension!  
I now begin to see my vanity,  
Shine in this *Glaſſe*, reflected by the *faile*!  
Where is my Fashioner? my Feather-man?  
My Linnener? Perfumer? Barber? all?  
That tayle of Riot, follow'd me this morning?  
Not one! but a darke solitude about mee,  
Worthy my cloake, and patches; as I had  
The epidemicall disease vpon mee:  
And I'll sit downe with it. *THO. My Master! Maker!*  
How doe you? Why doe you sit thus o'the ground, Sir?  
Heare you the *newes*? P. Iv. No, nor I care to heare none.  
Would I could here sit still, and slip away  
The other *one and twenty*, to haue this  
Forgotten, and the day rac'd out, expung'd,  
In euery *Ephemerides*, or *Almanack*.  
Or if it must be in, that *Time and Nature*  
Haue decree'd; still, let it be a day  
Of tickling *Prodigalls*, about the gills;  
Deluding gaping heires, loosing their loues,  
And their discretions; falling from the fauours  
Of their best friends; and parents; their owne hopes;

And

And entring the society of *Cantors*.

THO. A dolefull day it is, and dismal times  
Are come vpon vs: I am cleare vndone.

(P. IV. Ha!

P. IV. How, Thom? THO. Why? broke! broke! wretchedly broke!

THO. Our Staple is all to pieces, quite dissolu'd! P. IV. Ha!

THO. Shiuerd, as in an earth-quake! heard you not  
The cracke and ruines? we are all blowne vp!

Soone as they heard th' *Infants* was got from them,  
Whom they had so deuoured i'their hopes,

To be their *Patroneſſe*, and sojourne with 'hem;

Our *Emissaries, Register, Examiner,*

Flew into vapor: our graue *Gouvernour*

Into a subt'ler ayre; and is return'd

(As we doe heare) grand-*Captaine of the Leerers.*

I, and my fellow melted into butter,  
And spoyl'd our Inke, and so the *Office* vanish'd.

The last *hum.* that it made, was, that your Father,  
And *Picklocke* are fall'n out, the *man o' Law.*

P. IV. How? this awakes me from my lethargy.

THO. And a great suite, is like to be betweene 'hem,  
*Picklocke* denies the *Feſement*, and the *Trust*,  
(Your Father saies) he made of the whole estate,  
Unto him, as respecting his mortalitie,  
When he first laid this late deuice, to try you.

Hee ſtarſt  
up at thiſ.

P. IV. Has *Picklock* then a *trust*? THO. I cannot tell,  
Here comes the *worſhipfull*—Pic. What? my velvet-heyre,  
Turn'd begger in minde, as robes? P. IV. You ſee what caſe,  
Your, and my Fathers plots haue brought me to.

*Picklocke*  
enters.

Pic. Your Fathers, you may ſay, indeed, not mine.

Hee's a hard hearted Gentleman! I am ſorie

To ſee his rigid reſolution!

That any man ſhould ſo put off affection,

And humane nature, to destroy his owne!

And triumph in a victory ſo cruel!

He's fall'n out with mee, for being yours,

And calls me Knaue, and Traytors to his *Trust*,

Saies he will haue me throwne ouer the *Barre*—

P. IV. Ha' you deseru'd it? Pic. O, good heauen knowes

My conſcience, and the ſilly latitude of it!

A narrow minded man; my thoughts doe dwell

All in a *Lane*, or line indeed; No turning,

Nor ſcarce obliquitie in them. I ſtill looks

Right forward to th' intent, and ſcope of that

Which he would go from now. P. IV. Had you a *Trust*, then?

Pic. Sir, I had ſomewhat, will keepe you ſtill *Lord*

Of all the estate, (if I be honest) as

I hope I ſhall. My tender ſcrupulous brefſt

Will not permit me see the *beyre* defrauded,  
And like an *Alyen*, thrust out of the blood,  
The *Lawes* forbid that I should giue consent,  
To such a ciuill slaughter of a Sonne.

P. Iv. Where is the deed? hast thou it with thee? Pic. No,  
It is a thing of greater consequence,  
Then to be borne about in a blacke boxe,  
Like a *Low-country warloffe*, or *Welsh-brieſe*.  
It is at *Lickfingers*, vnder locke and key.

P. Iv. O, fetch it hither. Pic. I haue bid him bring it,  
That you might see it. P. Iv. Knowes he what brings?

Pic. No more then a Gardiners *Aſſe*, what roots he carries,

P. Iv. I was a ſending my Father, like an *Aſſe*,

A penitent Epiftle, but I am glad

I did not, now. Pic. Hang him, an auſtere grape,  
That has no iuice, but what is veriuice in him.

P. Iv. I'll ſhew you my letter! Pic. Shew me a *defiance*!  
If I can now commit Father, and Sonne,  
And make my profits out of both. Commence  
A ſuite with the *old man*, for his whole ſtate,  
And goe to *Law* with the Sonnies credit, vndoe  
Both, both with their owne money, it were a pieſe  
Worthy my night-cap, and the Gowne I weare,  
A *Picklockes* name in *Law*. Where are you Sir?  
What doe you doe ſo long? P. Iv. I cannot find  
Where I haue laid it, but I haue laid it ſafe.

Pic. No matter, Sir, truſt you vnto my *Truſt*,  
'Tis that that ſhall ſecure you, an absolute deed!  
And I confeſſe, it was in *Truſt*, for you,  
Lest any thing might haue hapned mortall to him:  
But there muſt be a gratitude thought on,  
And aid, Sir, for the charges of the ſuite,  
Which will be great, 'gainſt ſuch a mighty man,  
As is our Father, and a man poſſeſſ  
Of ſo much *Land*, *Pecunia* and her friends.

I am not able to wage *Law* with him,  
Yet muſt maintaine the thing, as mine owne right,  
Still for your good, and therefore muſt be bold  
To vſe your credit for monies. P. Iv. What thou wilt,  
So wee be ſafe, and the *Truſt* beare it. Pic. Feare not,  
'Tis hee muſt pay arreages in the end.

Wee'l milke him, and *Pecunia*, draw their creame downe,  
Before he get the deed into his hands.

My name is *Picklocke*, but hee ll fiande me a *Padlocke*.

Peny-boy  
runner on  
to ſeek his  
letter.

ACT. V. SCENE.II.

PENY-BOY. CAN. PENY-BOY. IV.  
PICKLOCK. THO. BARBAR.

H  
ow now? conferring wi' your learned Counsell,  
Vpo' the Cheat? Are you o'the plot to coozen mee?  
P.IV. What plot? P.S.E. Your Counsell knowes there, Mr. Picklock,  
Will you restore the Trust yet? Pic. Sir, take patience.  
And memory vnto you, and bethinke you,  
What Trust? where doft appear? I haue your Deed,  
Doth your Deed specifie any Trust? Is't not  
A perfect ACT? and absolute in Law?  
Seal'd and deliu'red before witnesses?  
The day and date, emergent. P.CA. But what conference?  
What othes, and vowes preceded? Pic. I will tell you, Sir,  
Since I am vrg'd of those, as I remember,  
You told me you had got a growen estate,  
By griping meanes, sinistly. (P.CA. How!) Pic. And were  
Eu'n weary of it; if the parties liued,  
From whom you had wrested it—(P.CA. Ha!) Pic. You could  
To part with all, for satisfaction: (be glad,  
But since they had yeelded to humanity,  
And that iust heauen had sent you, for a punishment  
(You did acknowledge it) this riotous heyre,  
That would bring all to beggery in the end,  
And daily sow d consumption, where he went.—

P.CA. You'old coozen both, then? your Confederate, too?  
Pic. After a long, mature deliberation,  
You could not thinke, where, better, how to place it.—  
P.CA. Then on you, Rascall? Pic. What you please i'your  
But with your reason, you will come about (passion,  
And thinke a faithfull, and a frugall friend  
To be preferr'd. P.CA. Before a Sonne? Pic. A Prodigall,  
A tubbe without a bottome, as you term'd him;  
For which, I might returne you a vow, or two,  
And seale it with an oath of thankfulnesse,  
I not repent it, neither haue I cause, Yet— (dence  
P.CA. Fore-head of steele, and mouth of brasse! hath impu-  
Polish'd so grosse a lie, and dar'st thou vent it?  
Engine, compos'd of all mixt mettalls! hence,  
I will not change a syllab, with thee, more,  
Till I may meet thec, at a Barre in Court,

Before thy Judges. P.I.C. Thither it must come,  
Before I part w th | it, to you, or you, Sir. (though.

P.C.A. I will not heare thee. P.IV. Sir, your eare to mee,  
Not that I see through his perplexed plots,  
And hidden ends, nor that my parts depend  
Vpon the vnwinding this so knotted skeane,  
Doe I beseech your patience. Vnto mee

He hath confess'd the *trust*. P.I.C. How? I confess'e it?

P.IV. I thou, false man. P.S.E. Stand vp to him, & confront him.

P.I.C. Where? when? to whom? P.IV. To me, euen now, and  
Canst thou deny it? P.I.C. Can I eate, or drinke? (here,  
Sleepe, wake, or dreame? arise, sit, goe, or stand?  
Doe any thing that's naturall? P.IV. Yes, lye:  
It seemes thou canst, and periure: that is naturall!

P.I.C. O me! what times are these! of frontlesse carriage!  
An Egge o'the same nest! the Fathers Bird!  
It runs in a blood, I see! P.IV. I'll stop your mouth.

P.I.C. With what? P.IV. With *truth*. P.I.C. With noise, I must  
Where is your witnes? you can produce witnes? (haue witnes.

P.IV. As if my testimony were not *twenty*,  
Balanc'd with thine? P.I.C. So say all *Prodigalls*,  
Sicke of selfe loue, but that's not *Law*, young *Scatter-good*.  
I live by *Law*. P.IV. Why? if thou hast a conscience,  
That is a thousnd witnesse. P.I.C. No, *Court*,  
Grants out a *Writ of Summone*, for the Conscience,  
That I know, nor *Sub-pana*, nor *Attachment*.  
I must haue witnesse, and of your producing,  
Ere this can come to hearing, and it must  
Be heard on oath, and witnesse. P.IV. Come forth, *Thom*,  
Speake what thou heard'ſt, the truth, and the whole truth,  
Aud nothing but the truth. What said this varlet?

Hec produc.  
cessib Thom.

P.I.C. A rat behind the hangings! THO. Sir, he said  
It was a *Trust*! an *Aſſ*, the which your Father  
Had will to alter: but his tender brest  
Would not permit to see the *heyre* defrauded;  
And like an *alien*, thrust out of the blood.  
The *Lawes* forbid that he should give consent  
To such a ciuill slaughter of a Sonne—

P.IV. And talk'd of a gratuitie to be giuen,  
And ayd vnto the charges of the suite;  
Which he was to maintaine, in his owne name,  
But for my vſe, lie said. P.C.A. It is enough.

THO. And he would milke *Pecunia*, and draw downe  
Her creame, before you got the *Trust*, againe.

P.C.A. Your eares are in my pocket, Knaue, goe shake 'hem,  
The little while you haue them. P.I.C. You doe trust  
To your great purse. P.C.A. I ha' you in a *purſe-net*,

Good Master Picklocke, wi' your worming braine,  
And wrigling ingine-head of maintenance,  
Which I shall see you hole with, very shortly.  
A fine round head, when those two lugs are off,  
To trundle through a Pillory. You are sure  
You heard him speake this? P.IV. I, and more. Tho. Much

Pic. I'll proue yours maintenance, and combination,  
And sue you all. P.C.A. Doe, doe, my gowned Valure,  
Crop in Reuersion: I shall see you coyted  
Ouer the Barre, as Barge-men doe their billets.

Pic. This'tis, when men repent of their good deeds,  
And would ha'hem in againe—They are almost mad!  
But I forgiue their *Lucida Intervalla*.  
O, Lickfinger? come hither. Where's my writing?

Pick-lock  
spies Lick-  
finger, and  
asks him a-  
side for the  
writing.

## A C T . V . S C E N E . III .

LICKFINGER. (to them.)

I sent it you, together with your keyes,

Pic. How? Lic. By the Porter, that came for it, from you,  
And by the token, you had giu'n me the keyes,  
And bad me bring it. Pic. And why did you not?

Lic. Why did you send a counter-mand? Pic. Who, I?

Lic. You, or some other you, you put in trust.

Pic. In trust? Lic. Your Trust's another selfe, you know,  
And without Trust, and your Trust, how should he  
Take notice of your keyes, or of my charge.

Pic. Know you the man? Lic. I know he was a Porter,  
And a seal'd Porter for he bore the badge

On brest, I am sure. Pic. I am lost! a plot! I sent it!

Lic. Why! and I sent it by the man you sent  
Whom else, I had not trusted. Pic. Plague o' your trust.  
I am trans'd vp among you. P.IV. Or you may be.

Pic. In mine owne halter, I haue made the Noose.

P.IV. What was it, Lickfinger? Lic. A writing, Sir,  
He sent for't by a token, I was bringing it:  
But that he sent a Porter, and hee seem'd  
A man of decent carriage. P.C.A. 'Twas good fortune!  
To cheat the Cheater, was no cheat, but iustice,  
Put off your ragges, and be your selfe againe,  
This Act of piety, and good affection,  
Hath partly reconcil'd me to you. P.IV. Sir.

Picklocke  
goes away.

Young Pe-  
ny-boy dis-  
covers it,  
to his Father  
to be his place  
of sending  
for it by the  
Porter, and  
that he is  
in possession  
of the Deed.

P.C. No vowes, no promises : too much protestation  
Makes that suspected ofte, we would perswade. (should we ?)

Lic. Heare you the *Newes*? P.IV. The office is downe, how

Lic. But of your *wife*? P.IV.No. Lic. He's runne mad, Sir.

P.CA. How, *Lickfinger*? Lic. Stark staring mad, your brother,  
H'has almoëst kill'd his maid. P.CA. Now, heauen forbid.

Lic. But that she's Cat-liu'd, and Squirrill-limb'd,  
With throwing bed-staues at her : h'has set wide

His outer doores, and now keepes open house,  
For all the passers by to see his iustice :

First, he has apprehended his two dogges,  
As being o'the plot to coozen him :

And there hee sits like an old *worme of the peace*,  
Wrap'd vp in furses at a square table, screwing,

Examining, and committing the poore curres,  
To two old cases of close stooles, as prisons ;

The one of which, he calls his *Lollard's tower*,  
Th'other his *Blocke-house*, 'cause his two dogs names

Are *Blocke*, and *Lollard*. P.IV. This would be branc matter  
Vnto the Leerers. P.CA. I, If so the subie &

Were not so wretched. Lic. Sure, I met them all,  
I thinke, vpon that quest. P.CA. Faith, like enough :

The vicious still are swift to shew their natures.  
I'll thither too, but with another ayme,

If all succeed well, and my *simplcs* take.

## ACT. V. SCENE. IIIJ.

### PENI.BOY. SEN. PORTER.

*He is seene  
sitting at his  
Table with  
papers be-  
fore him.*

VVHere are the prisoners? POR. They are forth-comming, S<sup>r</sup>,  
Or comming forth at least. P.SE. The Rogue is drunke,  
Since I committed them to his charge. Come hither,  
Neere me, yet neerer; breath vpon me. Wine!  
Wine, o'my worship! sacke! Canary sacke!  
Could not your *Badge* ha' bin drunke with fulsome Ale?  
Or Beere? the *Porters* element? but sacke!

POR. I am not drunke, we had, Sir, but one pynt,  
An honest carrier, and my selfe. P.SE. Who paid for't?

POR. Sir, I did giue it him. P.SE. What? and spend sixpence!  
A *Frocke* spend sixpence! sixpence! POR. Once in a yeere, Sir,

P.SE. In seuen yeeres, varlet! Know'ſt thou what thou hast done?  
What a consumption thou hast made of a *Stage*? *Digitized by Google*

*Hee smells  
him.*

It

It might please heauen, (a lusty Knaue and young)  
To let thee liue some *seuenty* yeeres longer.

Till thou art *fourescore*, and *ten*; perhaps, a *hundred*.

Say *seuenty* yeeres; how many times *seven* in *seuenty*?

Why, *seven* times *ten*, is *ten* times *seven*, marke me,

I will demonstrate to thee on my fingers,

*Six-pence* in *seven* yeere (vse vpon vse)

Growes in that first *seven* yeere, to be a *nuelle*-pence.

That, in the next, *two*-shillings; the third *four*-shillings;

The fourth *seven* yeere, *eight*-shillings; the fifth, *sixteen*:

The sixth, *two* and *thirty*; the seventh, *three*-*pound* *four*:

The eighth, *six*-*pound*, and *eight*; the ninth, *twelve* *pound* *sixteen*:

And the tenth *seven*, *five* and *twenty* *pound*,

*Twelve Shillings*. This thou art fall'n from, by thy riot!

Should'st thou liue *seuenty* yeeres, by spending *six-pence*,

Once i' the *seven*: but in a day to wast it!

There is a *Summe* that *number* cannot reach!

Out o' my house, thou pest o' prodigality!

Seed o' consumption! hence, a wicked keeper

Is oft worse then the prisoners. There's thy penny,

Foure tokens for thee. Out, away. My dogges,

May yet be innocent, and honest. If not,

I haue an entrapping *question*, or two more,

To put vnto 'hem, a *crosse* *Intergatory*,

And I shall catch 'hem; *Lollard* & *Peace*,

What whispring was that you had with *Mortgage*,

When you last lick'd her feet? The truth now. Ha?

Did you smell shee was going? Put downe that. And not,

Not to returne? You are silent. good. And, when

Leap'd you on *Statute*? As she wens forth? *Consent*.

There was *Consent*, as shee was going forth.

'Twould haue beeene fitter at her comming home,

But you knew that she would not? To your Tower,

You are cunning, are you? I will meet your craft.

*Blocke*, shew your face, leaue your caresses, tell me,

And tell me truly, what affronts do you know

Were done *Pecunia*? that she left my house?

None, say you so? not that you know? or will know?

I feare me, I shall find you an obstinate *Carre*.

Why, did your fellow *Lollard* cry this morning?

Cause *Broker* kickt him? why did *Broker* kicke him?

Because he pist against my *Ladies Gowne*?

Why, that was no affront? no? no distast?

You knew o' none. Yo're a dissembling *Tyke*,

To your hole, againe, your *Blocke*-house. *Lollard*, arise,

Where did you lift your legge vp, last? 'gainst what?

Are you struck Dummerer now? and whine for mercy?

He calls  
forth *Lollard*, and  
examines  
him.

He commises  
him again.

Calls forth  
*Blocke*, and  
examines  
him.

Commises  
him.

*Lollard* is  
call'd again.

Whose Kirtle was't, you gnaw'd too? Mistresse Bands?  
 And Waxe's stockings? who did? Blocke' besumber  
 Statutes white suite? w' she parchment lace there?  
 And Brokers Sassin dublet? all will out.

*Blocke is  
sumon'd the  
second time.*

*Hee is re-  
manded.*

*Lollard has  
the liberty of  
the house.*

They had offence, offence enough to quit mee.  
 Appear Blocke, fough, 'tis manifest. He shewes it,  
 Should he for-sweare't, make all the Affadans,  
 Against it, that he could afore the Bench,  
 And twenty Iuries; hee would be conuinc'd.  
 He beares an ayre about him, doth confesse it!  
 To prison againe, close prison. Not you Lollard,  
 You may enjoy the liberty o'the house,  
 And yet there is a quirke come in my head,  
 For which I must commit you too, and close,  
 Doe not repine, it will be better for you.

*Enter the  
Ieers.*

## A C T . V . S C E N E . II .

C Y M B A L . F I T T O N . S H V N F I E L D . A L M A -  
 N A C H . M A D R I G A L . P E N Y - B O Y . S E N .  
 L I C K F I N G E R .

T His is enough to make the dogs mad too,  
 Let's in vpon him. P.S.E. How now? what's the matter?  
 Come you to force the prisoners? make a rescue?

FIT. We come to baile your dogs. P.S.E. They are not baile-  
 They stand committed without baile, or mainprise, (able,  
 Your baile cannot be taken. SHV. Then the truth is,  
 We come to vex you. ALM. Ieere you. MAD. Bate you rather.

CYM. A bated vserer will be good flesh.

FIT. And tender, we are told. P.S.E. Who is the Butcher,  
 Amongst you, that is come to cut my throat?

SHV. You would dye a calves death faine: but 'tis an Oxes,  
 Is meant you. FIT. To be fairely knock'd o'the head.

SHV. With a good Ieere or two. P.S.E. And from your iaw-  
 Don Assinigo? CYM. Shunfield, a Ieere, you haue it. (bone,

SHV. I doe confesse a washing blow? but Snarle,  
 You that might play the third dogge, for your teeth,  
 You ha' no money now? FIT. No, nor no Mortgage.

ALM. Nor Band. MAD. Nor Statute. CYM. No, nor blusher Wax.

P.S.E. Nor you no Office, as I take it. SHV. Cymbal,  
 A mighty Ieere. FIT. Pox o'these true ieasts, I say.

MAD. He will turne the better ieerer. ALM. Let's vpon him,  
And if we cannot ieere him downe in wit, (o' warre.

MAD. Let's do't in noyse. SHV. Content. MAD. Charge, man

ALM. Lay him, *abord*. SHV. We'll gi' him a broadside, first.

FIT. Wher's your venison, now? CYM. Your red-Deer-pyes?

SHV. Wi' your bak'd Turkyes? ALM. and your Partridges?

MAD. Your Pheasants, &c fat Swans? P.S.E. Like you, turn'd Geese.

MAD. But such as will not keepe your Capitol? (in?

SHV. You were wont to ha' your Beams--- ALM. And Trouts sent  
Cym. Fat Carps, and Salmons? FIT. I, and now, and then,

An Embleme, o'your selfe, an o're-growne Pyke?

P.S.E. You are a Jack, Sir. FIT. You ha' made a shift  
To swallow twenty such poore Jacks ere now.

ALM. If he should come to feed vpon poore-John?

MAD. Or turne pure Jack-a-Lent after all this?

FIT. Tut, he'll liue like a Graf-hopper—MAD. Ondew.

SHV. Or like a Beare, with licking his owne clawes.

CYM. I, If his dogs were away. ALM. He'll eat them, first,  
While they are fat. FIT, Faith, and when they are gone,  
Here's nothing to be seene beyond. CYM. Except  
His kindred, Spiders, natives o' the foyle.

ALM. Dust, he will ha' enough here, to breed fleas.

MAD. But, by that time, he'll ha' no blood to reare 'hem.

SHV. He will be as thinn as a lanterne, we shall see thorow him,

ALM. And his gut colon, tell his Intestina— (his ayd.

P.S.E. Rogues, Rascalls (\*baw waw) FIT. He calls his dogs to

ALM. O! they but rise at mention of his tripes.

CYM. Let them alone, they doe it not for him.

MAD. They barke, *se defendendo*. SHV. Or for custome,  
As commonly curres doe, one for another.

LIC. Arme, arme you, Gentlemen Ieerers, th'old Caster  
Is comming in vpon you, with his forces;

The Gentleman, that was the Camer. SHV. Hence.

FIT. Away. CYM. What is he? ALM. stay not to ask questions.

FIT. Hee's a flame. SHV. A fornace. ALM. A consumption,  
Kills where hee goes. LIC. See! the whole Cowny is scatter'd,  
Ware, 'ware the Hawkes. I loue to see him flye.

\*His dogges  
barke.

They all run  
away.

## ACT. V. SCENE. VI.

PENY-BOY. CA. PENY-BOY. SE. PENI-BOY.  
IV. PECVNIA. TRAINE.

You see by this amazement, and distraction,  
 What your companions were, a poore, affrighted,  
 And guilty race of men, that dare to stand  
 No breath of truth : but conscious to themselues  
 Of their no-wit, or honesty, ranne routed  
 At euery *Pannicke* terror themselues bred.  
 Where else, as confident as sounding brasie,  
 Their tinckling *Captaine, Cymbal,* and the rest,  
 Dare put on any visor, to deride  
 The wretched : or with *buffon* licence, icast  
 At whatsoe'r is serious, if not sacred.

P. S<sub>E</sub>. Who's this ? my brother ! and restor'd to life !

P. C<sub>A</sub>. Yes, and sent hither to restore your wits :

If your short madnesse, be not more then anger,  
 Conceiued for your losse ! which I returne you.  
 See here, your *Mortgage, Statute, Band,* and *Waxe,*  
 Without your *Broker*, come to abide with you :

And vindicate the *Prodigall*, from stealing  
 Away the *Lady*. Nay, *Pecunia* her selfe,  
 Is come to free him fairely, and discharge  
 All ties, but those of *Loue*, vnto her person,  
 To vse her like a friend, not like a slauue,  
 Or like an *idoll*. Superstition  
 Doth violate the Deity it worships :

No lesse then scorne doth. And beleue it, *brother*  
 The vse of things is all, and not the *store* ;  
 Surfeit, and fulnesse, haue kill'd more then *famine* !  
 The Sparrow, with his little plumage, flyes,  
 While the proud Peacocke, ouer-charg'd with pennes,  
 Is faine to sweepe the ground, with his growne traine,  
 And load of feathers. P. S<sub>E</sub>. Wise, and honour'd *brother* !  
 None but a *Brother*, and sent from the dead,  
 As you are to me, could haue altered me :  
 I thanke my *Destiny*, that is so gracious.  
 Are there no *paines*, no *Penalties* decreed

Peny-boy  
 Se. acknowledgeth his  
 elder bro-  
 ther.

From whence you come, to vs that smother money,  
In chests, and strangle her in bagges. P. CA. O, mighty,  
Ir.tolerable fines, and mulcts impo'sd !  
(Of which I come to warne you) forfeitures  
Of whole estates, if they be knowne, and taken !

P. SE. I thanke you Brother for the light you haue giuen mee,  
I will preuent hem all. First free my dogges,  
Lest what I ha' done to them (and against Law)  
Be a Premuniri, for by *Magna Charta*  
They could not be committed, as close prisoners,  
My learned Counsell tells me here, my Cooke.  
And yet he shew'd me, the way, first. L. IC. Who did? I?  
I trench the liberty o' the subiects? P. CA. Peace,  
Picklocke, your Ghest, that S'ntor, hath infected you,  
Whom I haue safe enough in a wooden collar.

P. SE. Next, I restore these seruants to their Ladie,  
With freedome, heart of cheare, and countenance;  
It is their yeere, and day of Jubilee.

TRA. We thanke you, Sir. P. SE. And lastly, to my Nephew,  
I giue my house, goods, lands, all but my vices,  
And those I goe to cleanse; kissing this Lady  
Whom I doe give him too, and ioyne their hands.

Her Train  
thanks him.

P. CA. If the Spectators will ioyne theirs, wee thanke hem.

P. IV. And wish they may, as I, enjoy *Pecunia*.

PEC. And so *Pecunia* her selfe doth wish,  
That shee may still be ayde vnto their vses,  
Not slauie vnto their pleasures, or a Tyrant  
Oner their faire desires; but teach them all  
The golden meane: the *Prodigall* how to liue,  
The *Lordly*, and the *courteous*, how to dye,  
That with sound mind; this safe frugality.

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THE END.

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J.W. 1002



## The Epilogue.

Has haue you seene the Makers double scope,  
To profit, and delight; wherein our hope  
Is, though the clowr we doe not at waies hit,  
It will not be impure to his wile:  
A Tree so tri'd, and bente, as't will not start.  
Nor doth he often cracke a string of Art,  
Though there may other accidents abystrange  
Happen, the weather of your looks may change,  
Or some lebb wind of mis-conceit arste,  
To cause an alteration in our Skyes;  
If so, we're sorry that haue so mis-spent  
Our Time and Tackle, yet he's confident,  
And now's the next faire day, he'll haue vs shoot  
The same march o're for him, if you'll come so.





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